

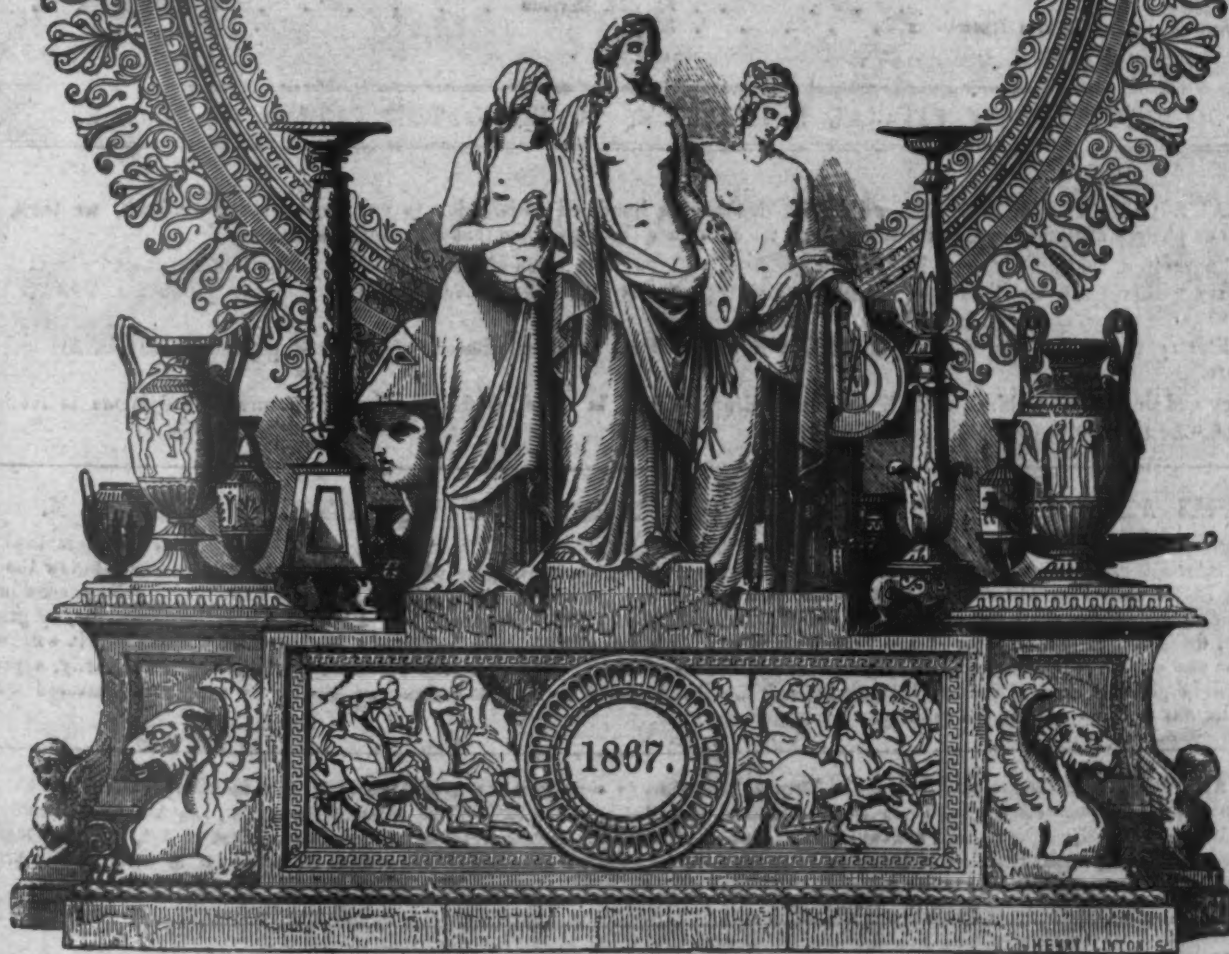
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No. LXII.—NEW SERIES.]

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FEBRUARY.

THE  
ART-JOURNAL.



VIRTUE & CO., 26, IVY LANE, LONDON.

NEW YORK: VIRTUE, YORSTON & CO. PARIS: A. XAVIER. LEIPZIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS. ROTTERDAM: J. G. ROBBERS.

CALCUTTA: GEO. WYMAN & CO.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 16, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT.



### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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	PAGE		PAGE
1. HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.—BADGES. PART I. BY MRS. BURY	33	11. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES . . . . .	50
2. JAMES II. RECEIVING NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE. THE PICTURE BY E. M. WARD, R.A. . . . .	38	12. A MEMORY OF JAMES AND HORACE SMITH. BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL. Illustrated . . . . .	51
3. ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY . . . . .	38	13. HANS HOLBEIN . . . . .	52
4. SCULPTURAL WORKS IN PROGRESS . . . . .	39	14. OBITUARY:—J. M. WRIGHT—J. TOLMIE . . . . .	53
5. MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM. NO. XII. F. DE BRAEKELEER. C. BAUGNIET. H. BOURCE. BY JAMES DAFORNE. Illustrated . . . . .	41	15. PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION . . . . .	54
6. HYMNS OF THE CHURCH. Illustrated . . . . .	44	16. THE SECOND NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION . . . . .	55
7. VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS. PART XI. BY W. P. BAYLEY . . . . .	45	17. ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES . . . . .	56
8. PHYSIOLOGY OF BINOCULAR VISION:—STEREOSCOPIC AND PSEUDOSCOPIC ILLUSIONS. BY A. CLAUDET, F.R.S. Illustrated . . . . .	40	18. COMPETITIVE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY . . . . .	57
9. DORE'S ELAINE . . . . .	51	19. THE EFT. THE PICTURE BY H. LE JEUNE, A.R.A. . . . .	58
10. CORRESPONDENCE:—THE BRITISH INSTITUTION . . . . .	52	20. THE FIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE . . . . .	59
		21. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH . . . . .	60
		22. REVIEWS . . . . .	61

### DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The ART-JOURNAL for 1867 will, we cannot doubt, give increased satisfaction to our Subscribers; we have, we trust, fully redeemed our pledges during the year that is past, and we anticipate the confidence that will be reposed in us.

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We have informed Subscribers of our design to issue with the ART-JOURNAL, during the year 1867, a Series of Engravings from the most interesting and suggestive objects exhibited by the leading manufacturers of Europe. Generally, we shall follow the plan adopted in 1862: each Part will contain twenty-four pages of such engravings. As it will be therefore requisite to enlarge considerably the number of pages, we shall for a time postpone the issue of Works in Sculpture. The Illustrated Catalogue will be, by gracious permission, dedicated to the Emperor of the French; and our plans are sufficiently advanced to justify us in stating that it will receive the zealous and cordial support of all the principal Art-producers of the Continent as well as those of England. Necessarily, a preponderance will be given to those of France, not only because the Exhibition is theirs, but because we shall thus supply an increased amount of useful lessons to those of our own country.

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## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON: FEBRUARY 1, 1867.

## HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

## BADGES.—PART I.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

"Every man shall camp by his standard, and under the ensign of his father's house."—Numbers ii. 2.

"Banner'd host,  
Under spread ensigns marching."—MILTON.

"Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,  
The badges of your famous ancestries."  
DRAYTON, *Baron's War*.



O vary the subject, we purpose giving a paper on some of the English badges. We have already alluded to the importance formerly attached to the badge; Shakspeare shows how degrading was the being deprived of it. Bolingbroke enumerates it in the list of his wrongs, when he tells King Richard's minions—they have

"From my own windows torn my household coat,  
Ras'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—  
To show the world I am a gentleman."  
King Richard II., Act iii. sc. 1.

It is astonishing that in this age of heraldic stationery, the badges have not come into favour. They surely are more interesting and more suitable for decorating the paper than the tortured monograms of the present time. We proceed with the badges alphabetically.

ARUNDEL, EARLS OF—by feudal tenure of Arundel Castle.

"Since William rose, and Harold fell,  
There have been Counts of Arundel,  
And Earls old Arundel shall have,  
While rivers flow and forests wave."

So runs the old rhyme. Roger Montgomery, who came over with William the Conqueror, had the grant of Arundel, which was forfeited to the crown by the rebellion of his grandson in the reign of Henry I., who assigned Arundel Castle, with the earldom of Sussex, as dowry to his widow, Adeliza, of Brabant. She married William de Albi, of the Strong Hand, who had distinguished himself at some jousts at Paris, where his bravery "caused the Queen Dowager of France to fall in love with him, and to desire him in marriage; but William rejected her offers, alleging that he had given his faith to a lady in England, which denial," continues the historian, "the said queen took in evil part, and therefore practised to get him into a cave in her garden, where she had caused a lion to be put to devour him; which, when he saw, he fiercely set upon him, thrusting his arme into the lion's mouth, pulling out his tongue, which done, he conveyed himself

into England, and performed his promise to Queen Adeliza. In token of which noble and valiant act, this William assumed to beare for his armes a lion gold in a field gueules, which his successors have ever since continued."\*

The title of Earl of Arundel passed at the death of the fifth of the Albinis to his nephew, the son of his sister and John Fitzalan. Richard, third Earl of the Fitzalans, is described in the Roll of Karlaye-rok with the family cognizance:—

"Richard le Conte de Arundel,  
Beau chevalier et bien ame,  
I vi je richement arme,  
En rouge au lyon rampant de or."

"Richard, the Earl of Arundel,  
A well-beloved and handsome knight,  
In crimson surcoat marked I well,  
With gold of rampant lion dight."

The Fitzalan badges† are—

1. A white horse holding in his mouth a sprig of oak.
2. The same galloping before an oak-tree fruited or (Fig. 1).

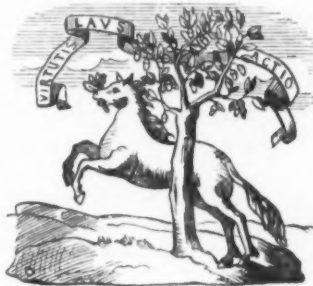


Fig. 1.

3. A chapeau or and gules, surmounted by a fret† or, and an acorn, leaved, vert (Fig. 2).

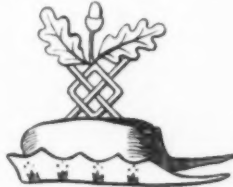


Fig. 2.

4. An oak-leaf and acorn proper charged with a fret or.

An acorn is given as the badge of Sir John Arundel, time of Edward IV.‡

In the sepulchral chapel in Arundel Castle the Countess of Arundel wears round her neck a splendid necklace of roses and suns, alternately connected by clusters of oak-leaves.¶

On the standard¶ of William, Earl of Arundel, time of Henry VIII., is the galloping horse (Fig. 1), with oak-branches, surmounted by the Maltravers fret, motto, "Cause me oblige;" and in a portrait of Henry, last of the Fitzalan earls (died 1580), belonging to the Duke of Devonshire,\*\* he is represented on horseback, with a branch of oak-leaves and acorns on his horse's head, and acorns are intermixed among the red plumes of his helmet.

\* Brooke. † Dallaway, "History of Sussex."  
‡ The fret is derived from the marriage of the third earl with the sister and heiress of Lord Maltravers.  
§ In a list of badges borne by some of the principal nobility in the reign of Edward IV., from a contemporary MS. in the College of Arms.  
¶ Biore's "Monumental Remains."  
¶ A miscellaneous collection of standards about the year 1520, in the College of Arms, published in *Excerpta Historica*, 1831. This, and Sir Charles Barker's heraldic collections, temp. Henry VIII. (Harl. MS. 4632, and described in "Collectanea, Top. and Geneal." vol. iii.), are the principal authorities for badges.  
\*\* In the collection of National Portraits at South Kensington.

The other Fitzalan mottoes are—"My trustee ys," which appears with the badge (Fig. 2) as that of William, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1543, and *Virtutis laus actio*.

A capital A within a roundlet, or rundel (Fig. 3), was used for his name by Thomas, Earl of Arundel.

The swallow, *hirondelle*, is the punning cognizance for Arundel. The seal of the town of Arundel is a swallow (Fig. 4). Baron Arundel, of Wardour, bears six swallows for his arms, and a swallow on the wing is in one of the windows of the Collegiate Chapel at Arundel.

"The great Arundels"—as they were called on account of their wealth\*—of Lhanheron, Cornwall, have as mottoes, *De Hirundine*, "Concerning the swallow," and *Nulli preda*, "A prey to none;" and a Latin poem of the twelfth century is thus rendered:—

"Swift as the swallow, whence his arms' device  
And his own name are took, enrag'd he flies  
Thro' gazing troops, the wonder of the field,  
And sticks his lance in William's glittering shield."  
WILLIAM BRITO.

Swallows are on the standard of "Mayster Arundyll," temp. Henry VIII., with the motto, *Faictes le ligerement*.

By the marriage of Mary, heiress of the Fitzalans, to Thomas Howard, the ill-fated Duke of Norfolk, the Fitzalan badges passed into the house of Norfolk. The monument of the Lady Mary, with that of his second wife, is in Framlingham Church, Suffolk. Their effigies lie side by side; the head of the Lady Mary rests on a couchant horse.

AUDLEY, BARON. First in fame among those who bore the title of Audley was James Audley, the hero of Poitiers:—

"Then Audley, most renown'd amongst those valiant powers,  
That with the Prince of Wales at conquer'd Poitiers fought,  
Such wonders that in arms before both armies wrought,  
The first that charg'd the French, and all that dreadful day  
Through still renewing words of danger made his way."  
DRAYTON, *Polyolbion*.

Shirley also alludes to his prowess:—

"Behold  
When gallant Audley, like a tempest pours  
Destruction thro' the thickest ranks of foes."  
W. SHIRLEY, *Edward the Black Prince*.

Joan, daughter and heiress of this valiant knight, married Sir John Touchet, and their son, John Touchet, was created Lord Audley. His descendants served in the French wars of Henry V. and VI., and James, a devoted Lancastrian, fell at the battle of Bloreheath:—

"Here noble Touchet, the Lord Audley, dy'd,  
Whose father won him such renown in France."  
DRAYTON, *Miseries of Queen Margaret*.

The Audley badge was a butterfly (Fig. 5), derived from their original arms—three butterflies argent. These were subsequently changed for a fret or, which, with their motto, *Je le tiens*, are retained by the present Lord Audley. The butterfly is sculptured over the chapel of Bishop Audley,† in Salisbury Cathedral, and was borne on his standard by Sir John Touchet, knight, in 1520.‡



Fig. 5.

\* Camden's "Britannia."  
† Edmund, Bishop of Rochester, 1480; Hereford, 1492; and Salisbury, 1492 to 1524.  
‡ Also in Harl. MS. 4632, and a MS. in Lambeth Palace gives a butterfly as the badge of the same John Touchet, then Lord Audley, 1559.

**BEDFORD, JOHN, DUKE OF**, brother of King Henry V., and Regent of France during the minority of his nephew, King Henry VI. "The firebrand to poor France," as he is styled by Drayton.\* He bore for his badge a golden root (Fig. 6).†

In that magnificent work called the Bedford Missal, presented by his Duchess, Anne of Burgundy, to Henry VI., by order of the duke, is a portrait of the duke, and behind, his banner, semé of golden roots, with his motto, *A vous entier*. That of his duchess was, *J'en suis contente*.

In a satirical poem published about 1449, in which the leading persons of the time are designated by their badges, Bedford's death is thus referred to:—

"The Rote is dead."

This badge is termed by the French heralds, *Le racine de Bedford*.

**BERKELEY.** The manor of Berkeley, one of the largest in the kingdom, includes the fishery of the Severn, and the lords of Berkeley hold the exclusive right of the salmon fishery. In the Church of St. Mary, Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, is a plain altar tomb, upon which are the brass figures of Thomas, fifth Lord Berkeley, and his wife. He was one of those appointed to pronounce the sentence of deposition upon Richard II. His feet repose upon a lion, and over his mailed tippet or camail he wears a collar of mermaids (Fig. 7), denoting his maritime jurisdiction; or, may be, this cognizance is derived from the "Mermaids of the See," a device to which Edward the Black Prince refers in his will, and may indicate his attachment to that prince.

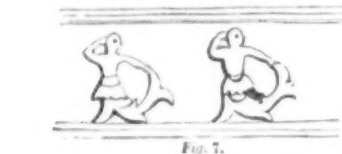


Fig. 7.

The seal of the Lord of Berkeley, in the time of Edward III., bears his arms with a merman.

**BERTIE.** A battering ram (Fig. 8). The arms of Bertie, Earl of Abingdon, are three battering rams, with the motto, *Virtus ariete fortior*, "Virtue is stronger than a battering ram."



Fig. 8.

**BOLTON.** The rebus of

"Prior Bolton,  
With his bolt and tun,"  
BEN JONSON, *New Inn*.

A ton, or tun, pierced by a bird-bolt is in the Church of Great St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, of which he was the last prior.† This style of rebus seems to have found favour with ecclesiastics. In Winchester Cathedral we find for Prior Thomas Hunton (1470-1478) a capital T, Hun., and a ton, and in another place a hen sitting upon a ton or barrel. In the same cathedral a musical note called "long" and a ton represent Bishop Langton.

**BOTREUX.** A toad, *armes parlantes*, "bottreux," French toad. This barony passed by marriage to the Lords of Hungerford, and subsequently to those of Hastings. The present Marquis of Hastings is

\* "Polybion." † From the Bedford Missal.  
‡ He died 4th of Edward VI.

Baron Botreaux, and bears the three toads on his escutcheon. Boscastle, in Cornwall, was once a baronial castle of the Norman de Botreaux. When the church was built, the Lord de Botreaux ordered from London a peal of bells to be sent by sea. The vessel arrived safely off Boscastle at a time when the bells of Tintagel were swinging. The sound of the chimes of his native village was welcome to the pilot, who piously thanked God he should be safe ashore that evening. "Thank the ship and the canvas; thank God ashore," exclaimed the captain. "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as at land." "Not so," said the captain. The pilot rejoined and the captain grew choleric. Meantime a storm arose, drove the ship on the coast, where she foundered, and all on board perished save the pilot. During the storm the clang of the bells was distinctly heard, and, to this day, these solemn sounds are still heard during the storms which so frequently assail the coast.\*

**BOURCHIER.** The badge of this family



Fig. 9.

is the well-known "Bouchier knot" (Fig. 9), to which also is added the water bouget derived from their arms.

In the magnificent monument of Archbishop Bouchier,† erected by himself in Canterbury Cathedral, the family knot is scattered over the whole, combined with the water bouget, as in Fig. 10.‡



Fig. 10.

On that in the Chapel of St. Edmund, Westminster Abbey, to the memory of his nephew, Humphrey, eldest son of the first Lord Berners, there are three shields on each side of the brass figure (which is gone), the guige§ or belt of Bouchier knots formed of straps, one distinguished from the other by being studded; to both ends are buckles.

The "Bowser" Chapel at Little Easton, Essex, the burial-place of the Bouchier, now of the Maynard family, is ornamented with the Bouchier knot, together with the fetterlock of the house of York, to whom the family were steady adherents. In the church is a bell, called Bowser's bell, inscribed with the knot, and having inserted a silver coin of King Edward IV. This bell is said to have been the gift of a Countess of Essex.

Among other costly monuments is that of Henry Bouchier (brother to the Archbishop, Earl of Eu and Essex, 1483). The

\* "The Silent Tower of Botreaux," Sir Richard H. Hawker.

† Thomas Bouchier, second son of William Bouchier, Earl of Eu, in Normandy. "He was," says Weaver, "preferred to the Bishopric of Worcester, from whence he was translated to Ely, and lastly enthroned in this chair of Canterbury, where he sat thirty years, and lived after the time of his first consecration fifty-one years. I find not that ever an Englishman continued so long a bishop, or enjoyed that place so long. And to add more honour to his grace, and money to his purse, he was about two years Lord Chancellor of England, and Cardinal of S. Ciriaci, in Thiermes. He died in 1486" (Funeral Monuments).

‡ Gough's "English Monuments."  
§ Guige is a strap passing over the right shoulder, which attached the shield above the left arm.

red lambrequin, or mantling of his helm, instead of the customary lining of ermine, is semé of small water bougets; and in the satirical poem written about 1449, already quoted, he is alluded to by the same badge:—

"The Water Bowge and the Wyne Botele,†  
With the Vetterlochs cheyne ben fast."

John Berners, second Lord Bouchier, son of Humphrey, was eminent for his learning, and by command of Henry VIII. he translated the "Chronicles" of Sir John Froissart into English. His badge was the branch of a knotty tree entwined into the Bouchier knot (Fig. 11). It appears on his standard, with his motto, *Bien je espoyre*.



Fig. 11.

His kinsman and contemporary, John Bouchier, Lord Fitzwarin, bore for his badge a pavache, or tilting shield, with the guige tied in the Bouchier knot.

Drayton thus eulogises Bouchier of Poitiers fame:—

"With these our Beauchamps, may our Bouchiers reckon'd be,  
Of which that valiant lord, most famous in those days,  
That hazarded in France so many dangerous frays,  
Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French and us,  
Like to a blazing star was ever ominous."—*Polybion*.

**BOTTRELL.** A quiver sable filled with silver arrows (Fig. 12).



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.

**BOWEN.** A knot forming four loops, or bows (Fig. 13), a rebus of the name Bow-en.

**BOWES, SIR GEORGE, Knight-Marshal** of Queen Elizabeth during that great rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, called "the Rising of the North." He bore on his seal the customary badge of his house, a sheaf of sharpened arrows, with the motto, *Sans variance terme de ma vie*. This cognizance is introduced in the window-curtains of the modern castle of Streatham, county Durham, seat of the elder branch of the family. It dates from the time of William the Conqueror, who placed in a castle belonging to the Earl of Brittany, in that division of Yorkshire called Richmondshire, a knight with five hundred archers to defend it against the insurgents of Cumberland and Westmoreland, who were in league with the Scots. William gave him, for device upon his standard, the arms of Brittany with three bows and a bundle of arrows, whence the castle and its commander derive their name.‡

**BRACKENBURY.** Among the metrical legends of the county of Durham is this distich:—

"The black lion under the oaken tree,  
Makes the Saxons to fight and the Normans to flee."

\* The stall plate of his brother John, Lord Berners, K.G., in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, exhibits his mantling semé alternately with water bougets and Bouchier knots.  
† Badge of Vere, Earl of Oxford.  
‡ Sharp's "Memorials of the Rebellion."

which, Sir Cuthbert Sharp explains by the Brackenbury device, a green tree, under which is a couchant lion; motto, *Sana reculer juncat* (Fig. 14).



Fig. 14.

**BRAY.** The badge of the Bray family is a hackle or hemp-breaker (Fig. 15), formerly used for breaking the stalks of hemp—Bray, from the French, *broyer*, to break, bruise, or pound. The hemp-breaker is still the crest of the family.

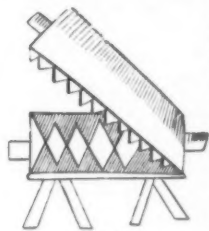


Fig. 15.

Sir Reginald Bray, K.G., and for one year Lord Treasurer, was in the service of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and by her was confidentially employed in the negotiations which led to the accession of her son. It was Sir Reginald who found the crown in a hawthorn bush on the field of Bosworth, and gave it to Lord Stanley, who placed it on the head of the victorious Henry, in memory of which he afterwards bore it as a crest. A thornbush, with a crown in the midst, is to be seen in the hall-window of Stene, Northamptonshire, one of the forfeited estates of Lord Lovel granted to Lord Bray.† Sir Reginald laid the first stone of King Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, 1502-1503, and died the same year. He desired to be buried in the Chapel of St. George, Windsor, which he had "new made with that intent, and also in honour of Almighty God." That St. George's Chapel owes much to Sir Reginald there can be little doubt. His arms, his device of the flax-breaker, the initials of his name, and that of his wife, in so many parts of the ceiling and windows, could not have been placed there without a more than ordinary claim to distinction.‡

In the remains of stained glass in Shere Church, Surrey, is the Bray or hemp-breaker of Sir Reginald.

The badge is on the standard of his son, who was created Lord Bray, with the motto, *Seray come a Dieu plaira*.

**BROOKE.** The ancient families of Brooke and Grey both assumed the badger, an animal known provincially by the name of brock or grey, and with the fox, was regarded equally as an object of sport: § "To hunt by day the fox, by night the gray."

**BRYAN.** A bugle horn. In the Church of St. Peter's, Seal, Kent, is the brass of Sir William de Bryene (died 1395). His head rests upon a tilting helmet, having on its crest a bugle horn. This is one of the Northumberland badges the family derive by marriage.

**BUTLER.** A covered cup argent, in allusion to the office.

**CALTHORPE.** A caltraps or.

**CHOLMONDELEY.** A close helmet in pro-

file, argent. The present arms of the family are two helmets. Motto, *Cassid tutissima virtus*, "Virtue (or valour) is the safest helmet."

**CLIFFORD.** An annulet. This badge



Fig. 16.

(Fig. 16) occurs on the standard of Henry, thirteenth Lord Clifford,—

"Clifford, whom no danger yet could dare"

(DRAYTON'S *Misceries of Queen Margaret*).—

son of that fierce Lancastrian who fell at Towton.\* Henry, then only ten years of age, was concealed by his mother at a farm, in the garb of a shepherd, that he might escape the vengeance of the house of York, to whom the memory of "that cruel child-killer" was so hateful after the murder of young Rutland. Henry Clifford lived in retirement until the age of thirty-two, when, on the accession of King Henry VII., he was restored to his titles and estates.

**CLINTON.** A mullet pierced, gold (Fig. 17). This badge is still borne, with the Pelham buckle, by the Duke of Newcastle.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.

**COMPTON.** A fire beacon (Fig. 18). The present crest of the Earl of Northampton.

**CONSTABLE.** Sir Marmaduke Constable had for badge on his standard, 1520, an anchor erect or, ringed at the crown, and charged with a crescent sable. Motto, *Soies ferme*.

**CONYNGHAM, CUNINGHAM.** A shake fork; motto, "Over fork over." Crest of the present Marquis of Conyngham, but the device occurs in seals of the family in 1500.†

**CORBET.** A corbeau standing on a tree occurs on seals of the twelfth century; and the device of the raven was afterwards adopted by several members of the Corbet family, both in England and Scotland.‡

**COURTENAY.** A dolphin, one of the ensigns of the Greek empire on the Byzantine coins, was assumed by the Courtenays, in reference to the "purple of three emperors."

The Courtenays, Earls of Devon, used a grey boar as their badge; and, in the satirical verses, circa 1449, already quoted, the lines—

"The boar is far in the west  
That should us helpe with shield and spere,"

apply to Thomas, fifth Earl of Devon, who, with his two brothers, lost his life in the Lancastrian cause.

The arms of Peter Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter and Winchester, environed by three dolphins, are sculptured on a chimneypiece

\* Clifford says to King Henry:—

"King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.  
May the ground gape, and swallow me alone,  
When I shall kneel to him that slew my father."

King Henry VI., 3rd Part, Act I. sc. 1.

† Laing, "Catalogue of Scottish Seals."

‡ Ibid.

in the bishop's palace at Exeter. It was to this bishop and his brother that Shakespeare refers when the messenger announces to King Richard III.—

"My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtenay and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms."  
King Richard III., Act IV. sc. 4.

The standard of Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle—a possession they have held since 1377—has a boar, and dolphins embowed of silver. Motto, *Passes bien devant*.

Hugh, third Earl of Devon, married Margaret Bohun. Their monument is in Exeter Cathedral. Her feet repose on a swan, the badge of her family. He was father to Edward, the "blind good earl," whose monument was at Tiverton, until that church was destroyed in the Parliamentary wars, with this inscription—

"Hoe, hoe! who lies here?  
I, the good Erle of Devonshire,  
With Maud, my wyfe, to mee full dere,  
We lyved together fifty-fyve yere.  
What we gave, wee have;  
What we spent, wee had;  
What we left, wee loste."

**CROMWELL.** A silver purse, tasselled and buttoned gold, was taken for his badge by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, Lord High Treasurer from 1434 to 1444, in allusion to his office. At Tattershall Castle, Lincoln, the stately edifice he built, on the ground floor, is a carved stone chimneypiece, ornamented alternately with his arms and treasury purses (Fig. 19), with his motto, *Nay je droit*.

**CURZON.** A cockatrice, wings elevated, tail nowed, and ending in a dragon's head, is the badge on the standard of Robert, Lord Curzon, in 1520. Fig. 20 is given by Edmonstone as the ancient badge of the family.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

**DACRE.** This family derives its name and arms from a Crusader ancestor, who distinguished himself at the siege of Acre. Their badge, an escallop united by a knot to a ragged staff (Fig. 21), indicates their office of hereditary foresters of Cumberland.

**DAUBENEY.** Henry, Lord Daubenev, created 1538 Earl of Bridgewater, bore as badge two bats' wings adorsed sable, tied by a cord or (Fig. 22).

**DE LA WARRE.** The crampit, or chape, is the metal termination, or ornament, at the end of a scabbard, which prevents the point of the sword from protruding. This is still borne by the Earl De la Warr, the lineal descendant of Sir Roger la Warr, to whom the badge was first granted. Sir Roger shared in the



Fig. 22.

\* Gough.

\* Flower's "Visitation of the County Palatine of Durham," 1575.

† Brydges' "History of Northampton."

‡ Burke's "Landed Gentry."

§ Moule, "Heraldry of Fishes."

glory of Poitiers, in which battle John, King of France, and the Dauphin were taken prisoners. Much contention arose as to whom belonged the honour of his capture, for the French king defended himself with great valour, till the pressure upon him became so great that those who knew him called out, "Sire, surrender, or you are dead;" whereupon he yielded, according to Froissart, to Sir Denis Morbeck, a knight of Artois, in the English service: but being forced from that captain, more than ten knights and esquires claimed the honour of taking the royal prisoner. Among these the pretensions of Sir Roger la Warr and Sir John Pelham having been acknowledged the strongest, the former had, in commemoration of so valiant an exploit, the chape, or crampit, of the king's sword (Fig. 23), and Sir John Pelham the

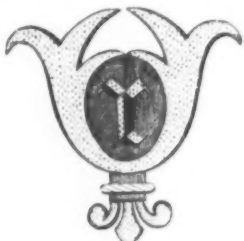


Fig. 23.

buckle of a belt, as a memorial of the same achievement.

The standard of Lord Lawarre, in 1520, is semé of crampits, and the badge is introduced in the wainscot carvings of Halmaker House, Sussex.

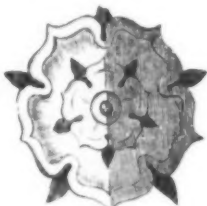


Fig. 24.

The Tudor rose (Fig. 24) is also borne as a badge by Lord De la Warre.

DENNY. Two arches supported on columns argent (Fig. 25), their bases or, was the badge of Sir Anthony Denny, Groom of the Stole to Henry VIII., the only individual among the courtiers who had the courage to apprise his royal master of his approaching death. Henry so highly esteemed Sir Anthony, that he was allowed to perform his task with impunity.



Fig. 25.

The king presented him with a pair of gloves richly worked with pearls, and appointed him one of his executors and counsellors to Prince Edward. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, wrote an epitaph to his memory:—

"Death and the King did, as it were, contend  
Which of them two bare Denny greatest love;  
The King, to show his love, gave farre extend,  
Did him advance his better farre above;  
Nere place, much wealth, great honours eke him gave,  
To make it known what power great princes have.  
But when Death came with his triumphant gift,  
From worldly carke he quit his wearied ghost,  
Free from the corpse, and straight to heaven it lift.  
Now deme that can who did for Denny most;  
The King gave wealth, but fading and unsure;  
Death brought him blame that ever shall endure."

DEVEREUX, Baron Ferrers, Viscount Hereford.

"On the stall plate, as Knight of the Garter, of Sir Walter Devereux, Lord Ferrers, created Viscount Hereford by Edward VI., are two badges, the horse-shoe and the "French wife's hood" (Fig. 26), with the motto, *Loyalle suys*. The latter occurs as early as Edward IV., and both badges are on the banner of Lord Ferrers in 1520. The horse-shoes are on the great bay-window of the hall at Chartley Castle,



Fig. 26.

founded by Lord Hereford, with his initials, W. D., and motto.

DRUMMOND. A caltraps. Motto, "Gang warily."

DUNDAS. A salamander.

EDGEcombe. A boar's head couped issuing from a laurel wreath. Motto, *Au plaisir fort de Dieu*.

EGERTON. A pheon, or broad arrow, sable. Motto, *F'in faict tout*.

EXETER. Henry Courtenay, Earl of Devon, created Marquis of Exeter by Henry VIII., but afterwards beheaded. His badge was a faggot or bundle of sticks, banded or (Fig. 27).

FAUCONBERG, WILLIAM NEVILLE LORD, took a leading part in the French wars, commanded the van of King Edward IV.'s army at Towton, and filled the office of Lord High Admiral.

"Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow sea."  
*King Henry VI., 3rd Part, Act i. sc. 1.*

Being sent ambassador to France to treat for peace, he was perfidiously seized and detained. Shakspeare enumerates him among the prisoners:—

"The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,  
Knight of the noble Order of St. George,  
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;  
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth,  
Of all his wars within the realm of France."  
*Henry VI., 1st Part, Act iv. sc. 7.*

His cognizance was a fishhook, which is noted in the contemporary poem before quoted:—

"The fisher hath lost his hangulhook,  
Gete theym again when it will be,"

when alluding to his captivity in France.

FENWICK. A phoenix. Motto, *Perit ut vivat*, "It perishes that it may live again." Sir John de Fenwicke having served his master, Henry V., in the wars with France, the king granted him the lordship of Trouble Ville, in Normandy, with permission to bear for his motto *A Tous Jours loyal*.

FERRERS. A horse-shoe (Fig. 28). Both name, arms, and badge, are said to commemorate Henry de Ferraris, who came over with the Conqueror in the capacity of chief farrier.

Speed, in his "Theatre of Great Britain," says, "The familie of the Ferrers were first seated in Rutlandshire, as, besides the credit of writers, the horse-shoe, whose badge it was, doth witness; wherein the castle, and now the shire hall, right over the seat of the judge, a horse-shoe of iron, curiously wrought, containing five foote and a halfe in length, and the breadth thereto proportionably is fixed."

FINCH, SIR WILLIAM, temp. Hen. VIII. A greenfinch standing on a thistle. Motto, *Je responderay*.



Fig. 28.

FITZ' URYAN, SIR RYCE AP THOMAS, who is mentioned by Shakspeare—

"Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew."  
*King Richard III., Act iv. sc. 5.*

His family badge was a raven.

FITZWILLIAM, WILLIAM, K.G., created (1537) Earl of Southampton.

The badge on his standard is a trefoil with a transverse bar on the slip or. This badge (Fig. 29), with the anchor he bore as Lord High Admiral, remains sculptured on the ceiling at Cowdray House, Sussex, which he built. In 1539 he received the Lady Anne of Cleves at Calais, on which occasion he wore, suspended to a golden chain, a whistle of gold set with precious stones, such as was then used by officers of the highest rank in communicating orders. The whistle is now only worn by the boatswain.

FOLJAMBE. A man's leg couped at the thigh sable, spurred or—foul-jambe (Fig. 30). On the standard of Sir Godfrey Folejamb, of Walton, in the county of Derby, 1520. Motto, *Demoures ferme*. Sir Godfrey was high sheriff of Derby; he directs in his will that "his carcass" shall be buried in the Chapel of St. George, at Chesterfield, his sword and helmet, with the crest and his coat of arms, to be hanged over his tomb, and there remain for ever.



Fig. 30.

FYNDEN. An ox-yoke or (Fig. 31).



Fig. 31.

GOLDINGHAM. An oyster dredge (Fig. 32).

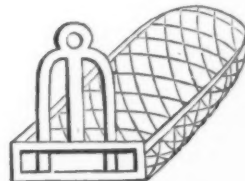


Fig. 32.

GRANVILLE. A clarion or (Fig. 33), borne by the family from the thirteenth century; the earliest example is to be found in the encaustic tiles of Neath Abbey, Glamorgan, and in the seal of that foundation. The Granvilles were Lords of Neath.

GRESHAM. A grasshopper. The vane of the Royal Exchange was formerly surmounted by a grasshopper, and it was the sign of Sir Thomas Gresham's banking house in Lombard Street. It was a frequent sign among grocers out of compliment to Sir Thomas; but it was a mistake, for he was a member of the Mercers', not the Grocers', company. GUILDFORD. The trunk of a tree or ragged staff inflamed (Fig. 34). It is on



Fig. 33.

the standard of Sir Henry Guildford, Kt., in 1520.



Fig. 34.



Fig. 35.

**HARRINGTON.** The Harrington family derive their name from the seaport town of Haverington or Herrington, Cumberland. From the time of King Edward III. they have borne a fret argent, called the "Harrington knot"—allusive arms intended to represent a fishing-net (Fig. 35). Motto, *Nodo firmo*, "With a firm knot."

**HASTINGS.** The maunch or sleeve of Hastings is of all antiquity (Fig. 36). Churchyard, describing the tomb of John de Hastings, in the Church of St. Mary, Abergavenny, says—

"He was a man of fame,  
His shield of blacke he bares on brest,  
A white crowe plain thereon;  
A ragged sleeve in top, and crest,  
All wrought in goodly stone."

*Worthines of Wales.*

And in the siege of Karlaverok, John de Hastings is described:—

"Eacu avoit fort et legier  
O baniere de oeuvre pareille.  
De or fin o la manche vermeille."

Drayton, too, says—

"A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings bore,"  
*Barons' Wars.*

A black bull's head erased, about the

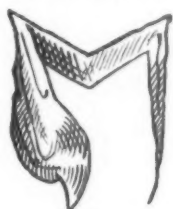


Fig. 36.



Fig. 37.

neck a golden crown (Fig. 37), is another of the Hastings cognizances.

The Hungerford badge, of a sickle and a golden sheaf connected by a knot (Fig. 38),



Fig. 38.

also devolved upon the Hastings family. The estates\* were granted by King Edward IV. to "the dangerous, unsuspected Hastings," to which Clarence refers, in *King Richard III.* He compliments Hastings

\* Edward his son afterwards married Mary, heiress of Lord Hungerford.

on the patriotic sentiment that "England is safe, if true within herself," adding,

"For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford."

The bull's head and the Hungerford badge are on the standard of Lord Hastings, 1520.

A purse is also another Hastings badge. To Sir Ralph Hastings, time of Edward IV., is given a chanfron silver, with three ostrich feathers (Fig. 39).



Fig. 39.

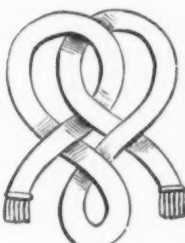


Fig. 40.

**HENEAGE.** A knot (Fig. 40), with the motto, "Fast though untied," is given in the *Harl. MS.*, No. 5857, to Sir Thomas Heneage, Vice-Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth. From its heart shape, and the motto, it was probably a personal device.

**HEPBURN, JAMES, Earl of Bothwell,** husband to Queen Mary Stuart. On his seal he bears his shield, surmounting an anchor, as badge of his office of Lord High Admiral of Scotland. Motto, "Keip tryst."

**HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.** The blanch lion of the Mowbrays, Fig. 41,



Fig. 41.

descended to the Howards through the Lady Margaret Mowbray, whose son, Sir John Howard, succeeded to her inheritance, and was created first Duke of Norfolk in 1483, since which period it has ever shone pre-eminent as the ensign of Norfolk.

"For who in field or foray slack,  
Saw the blanch lion e'er fall back?"  
*SIR W. SCOTT, Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The banner was foremost at Bosworth Field, when the "Jockey of Norfolk" fell slain with his royal master. Sir John Beaumont, in his poem, describes the youthful Surrey's encounter with Talbot, after the death of his father:—

"And now the earl beholds his father's fall,  
Whose death, like horrid darkness, frightened all.  
Some gave themselves to capture, others fly;  
But this young lion casts his generous eye  
On Mowbray's lion painted on his shield,  
And with that king of beasts resolves to yield.  
'The field,' saith he, 'in which the lion stands  
Is blood, and blood I offer to the hands  
Of daring foes; but never shall my flight  
Dye black my lion, which as yet is white.'"  
*SIR J. BEAUMONT, Bosworth Field.*

Again, at Flodden Field, the Earl of Surrey (afterwards Duke of Norfolk) gave as a badge to his retainers to wear on their left arm the white lion, "the beast which he before bare as his proper ensign," trampling upon the lion of Scotland, and tearing it with its claws. To the Lord Surrey belonged the honour of that day, in token whereof

\* Laing.

King Henry VIII. granted him as arms of augmentation, in the white bend of his arms, an escutcheon or, charged with a demi-lion, pierced through the mouth with an arrow, within a double tressure; the last for Scotland, the arrow because the body of James IV. was found pierced by several arrows. To this Drayton makes Lord Surrey allude:—

"If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,  
That lion placed in our bright silver bend,  
Which as a trophy beautifies our shield,  
Since Scotland's blood discoloured Flodden Field,  
When the proud Cheviot did our ensign bear  
As a rich jewel in a lady's hair."  
*DRAYTON, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, to the Fair Geraldine.*

**HUNGERFORD.** The Lords Hungerford used a golden sheaf. They also bore a golden sickle. The mottoes, "Time trieth truth," and *Et Dieu mon appui*, are at Farleigh Castle, Wilts, their ancient seat.

Three sickles interlaced and the sheaf are on the standard of Sir John Hungerford, in 1520.

Three sickles and three sheaves within the garter are on one of the principal bosses in the cloisters of St. Stephen's, Westminster, being the badge of Walter, Lord Hungerford, K.G., who was beheaded by Henry VIII., with Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in 1541.

These badges, as before mentioned, passed by marriage to the Hastings family.

**IRELAND.**

"Where'er we pass  
A triple grass  
Shoots up with dew-drops streaming;  
As softly green  
As emerald seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming  
Oh, the shamrock! the green immortal shamrock!  
Chosen leaf  
Of hard and chief,  
Old Erin's native shamrock."  
*MOORE, Irish Melodies.*

One day, while preaching at Tara, St. Patrick was at a loss how to explain to his hearers the doctrine of the Trinity, when, seeing a shamrock peeping forth from the green turf upon which he stood, he gathered it, and showing it to them, exclaimed, "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower how three leaves are united on one stalk, and will you not then believe what I tell you from the sacred volume, that there are indeed three Persons, and yet but one God?" His audience without difficulty understood this simple yet striking illustration, and from that period the shamrock became the natural badge of Ireland.

**ISLIP, JOHN, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, 1510.** "He was," says Weever, "eminently concerned in the building of Henry VII.'s Chapel." He was a man of great authority and special trust with the King, and was buried in the chapel which bears the name of Bishop Islip's chantry. On the frieze is the quadruple device for his name.

1. An eye with the slip of a tree.

2. A man sliding from the boughs and exclaiming, "I slip" (Fig. 42).

3. A hand cutting off one of the boughs of the same tree, and again re-echoing "I slip" (Fig. 43).

4. The letter I placed beside the slip, thus again producing the name Islip.

**LACY.** Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, was an eminent warrior, and fought in the Welsh wars under King Edward I. He died at his house in Lincoln's Inn. The "Lacy knot" (Fig. 44) is taken from a sculptured shield on the ruins of Whalley



Fig. 42.



Fig. 43.

Abbey, Lancashire—a rebus of the name of Lacy; French, *lacet*—knot.



Fig. 44.

**LATIMER**, John Nevill, Lord, first husband of Queen Katherine Parr. His standard was semé of human hearts, with the motto, *Dieu et mon fiance*.

**L'ESTRANGE**. Barons Strange of Knockyn. Le Strange, L'Estrange, in Latin records called Extraneo, because they were strangers, brought hither by Henry II., 1148.

The tomb of John, eighth and last baron, is at Hillingdon; by the marriage of his daughter Joanne (by whom the monument is erected) to Sir George Stanley, the barony was conveyed to the Derby family.

"Hunstanton is to be remembered," says Camden, "in this regards, if there were nothing else, for that it hath been the ha-



Fig. 45.

bitation of the familie of Le Strange, knights by degree ever since that in the reign of Edward the Second, John Baron le Strange of Knocking gave the same unto Hamon, his younger brother."

The L'Estrange badge is two hands conjoined in pale, the upper one or, the other gules (Fig. 45). Motto, *Sans changer ma verité*.

The above badge, beneath a sprig of columbine flowers and the same motto, is ascribed to the Earl of Derby, derived from Strange.

The Stanley motto now used is a portion of the Strange motto.

**LISLE**. A lily. Motto, *La bon heure puisse*.

**LOCKHART OF LEE** (Lanarkshire).

A human heart within a fetter-lock. *Corda serrata fero*, "Locked hearts I bear." *Corda serrata pando*, "I lay open locked hearts," so written formerly.

Sir Simon de Locard, being one of those who was deputed with Sir James Douglas to carry over the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of so honourable an office, changed the spelling of his name to Lockhart, to intimate he was entrusted with one of the keys of the padlock affixed to the box containing the treasure. At the same time he added a human heart, within the bar of a padlock, to his armorial bearings, with the motto, *Corda serrata fero*.†

**LUMLEY**. A green popinjay or parrot.

**MORE**. At Loseley, near Guildford, built by Sir William More, on the cornice of the drawing-room ceiling is introduced the mulberry tree (*Morus*), with the mottoes, *Morus tarde moriens*, "The mulberry-tree slow in dying," and *Morum cito moriturum*, "The mulberry-tree soon about to perish;" also the moor-cock and moor-hen.

Loseley was visited, in 1603, by James I. and his queen.

\* Burke.

† Douglas, Barony of Scotland.

## SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

**JAMES II. RECEIVING NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.**

E. M. Ward, R.A., Painter. E. A. Heath, Engraver.

IT is now about sixteen years since Mr. E. M. Ward commenced to paint that series of strictly historical pictures, and especially those which had their origin in the lives and fortunes of the royal Stuart family, which have given him so high a position in modern Art. The work here engraved was the first of the series—exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850—and a more graphic subject he could scarcely have selected for the display of character and richness of costume. A passage from Sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs" furnished the text, which runs thus:—"The king turned pale, and remained motionless; the letter dropped from his hand; his past errors, his future dangers, rushed at once upon his thoughts; he strove to conceal his perturbation, but in doing so betrayed it: and his courtiers in affecting not to observe him betrayed that they did."

The apartment in which the agitated group has assembled is a chamber in Whitehall Palace. James—in whom centres the interest of the composition, and whom the artist has judiciously made its point of colour by arranging him in rich habiliments of black and dark blue velvet, in contrast with lighter coloured dresses of the surrounding figures—appears completely prostrated by the intelligence that has reached him. Physically the monarch was not wanting in courage, but weak and irresolute mentally; and conscious that his troubles were of his own creation, the result of his Papist tendencies and general misgovernment, he had no nerve to face, like a brave man, the dangers which threatened his throne, if not his life. He sits the personification of blank despair. On his left, slightly bending forward, stands the queen—Mary, daughter of the Italian Duke of Modena, and niece of the famous Cardinal Mazarin. She appears to be pointing to their young child, the Prince of Wales, afterwards the old "Pretender," as if to rouse her royal husband to energetic action by the sight of the infant whose future destiny is jeopardised. To the right of James is the execrable Judge Jeffries. Opposite to him at the table, with his back to the spectator, is the Pope's Nuncio; and behind the king's chair, looking somewhat intently at a group of ladies of the court, is young George Churchill, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, the hero of Blenheim, Malplaquet, Ramilies, &c. &c. Behind the screen in the foreground is a lord-in-waiting, probably the bearer into the royal presence of the letter of evil tidings, and who is listening to ascertain its contents and to observe the effect produced by it.

The nation is indebted to the late Mr. Jacob Bell for the possession of this notably fine example of Mr. Ward's powers as an historical painter. Regarding it in all its artistic qualities of skilful arrangement, careful execution, beauty and truth of colour, and also in its mental qualities of diversified character and living expression, it may rank with any work the pencil of this painter has produced at any time. Certainly we know of no other we should prefer to it as an acquisition of our own.

## ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE Thirty-ninth Annual Report of this institution has been in our hands since the end of last year; but we have not till now been able to give it consideration. The Council congratulates the Academy on its continued prosperity and usefulness; and in corroboration of this states that the Exhibition of 1866 opened with one of the best collections of modern Art ever brought together in Edinburgh, the materials of which it was composed being, with a few brilliant exceptions—one of these was Baron Leys' 'Christmas-day at Antwerp, during the Spanish occupation,' lent by John Graham, Esq., of Skelmorlie Castle—peculiarly the productions of Scotland and Scotchmen. Pictures, &c., were sold to an amount exceeding £5,000; while, independent of visitors by single tickets, 3,716 day, and 1,018 evening, season tickets were disposed of. These numbers may appear small in comparison with the visitors to the Royal Academy of London; but they are not so if we think of the population of each city respectively, and of the crowds of "strangers" that flock into London during "the season."

The Council expresses its high satisfaction with the studies made in the Life School by students. These works manifest the industry, vigour, and ability displayed by not a few of the pupils, and the assiduous and judicious care with which the Visitors have discharged their important duty. Among the students to whom prizes were awarded, the "Stuart" prize, value £18, was given to Mr. John Dunn, for a drawing in chalk, 'The Gate of the City of Refuge,' a "design evincing considerable invention and knowledge of effect." The same gentleman also received one "Keith" prize, value 5 gs., for a drawing from the figure; the other being awarded to Mr. R. Gibb: the works of the two were considered of equal merit. The third prize, of 3 gs., fell to the drawing by Mr. C. O. Murray, who also gained the first prize, value 3 gs., for anatomical drawing; the second in this class was awarded to Mr. J. Wallace. For sculpture, the Council decided to recognise and reward, by a prize of £10 from the Academy funds, the ability and progress displayed by Mr. W. D. Stevenson, in his *alto-relievo*, representing 'Kilmeny borne away by Spirits.'

Acting on a suggestion made by Dr. Laing, Honorary Professor of Ancient History, that the Academy ought to commemorate the genius of Alexander Runciman, historical painter, who died in the year 1786, Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A., designed and executed medallion heads of the deceased painter and his brother, an artist of great promise who died young. The memorial has been placed in the centre of the west wall of Canongate Church.

The Academy has acquired during the past year, by gift of Mrs. Greig, widow of the late Hon. John Greig, of New York, a portrait of David Allan, a Scotch Artist (1744-1796), painted by himself; and a picture of two children, one of whom is the daughter of the artist, and a lady still living, though very advanced in years. The latter work is by Dominico Corvi, an artist of Rome, who painted it during Allan's residence in that city. Another portrait added to the gallery is that of Mr. John Elder, who, since the foundation of the Academy, has acted as its law-agent. This was painted and presented by Mr. George Harvey, P.R.S.A. Three pictures have been purchased—"A Wolf," "A Dead Wolf," both by J. Fyt, a distinguished Flemish painter of animals (1625-1671), and "Taking Cattle to Shelter during a Storm," by James Burnet, a most skilful landscape and cattle painter, who died in 1816: he was younger brother of John Burnet—still living—the well-known engraver and painter.

The Library of the Academy has received numerous additions of books, many of them of considerable artistic value. The students of the Life School have now the privilege of using the Library one evening each week during the session.

The report alludes to the death, during the year, of one of the Academicians, Mr. John Graham Gilbert, whose decease was recorded in



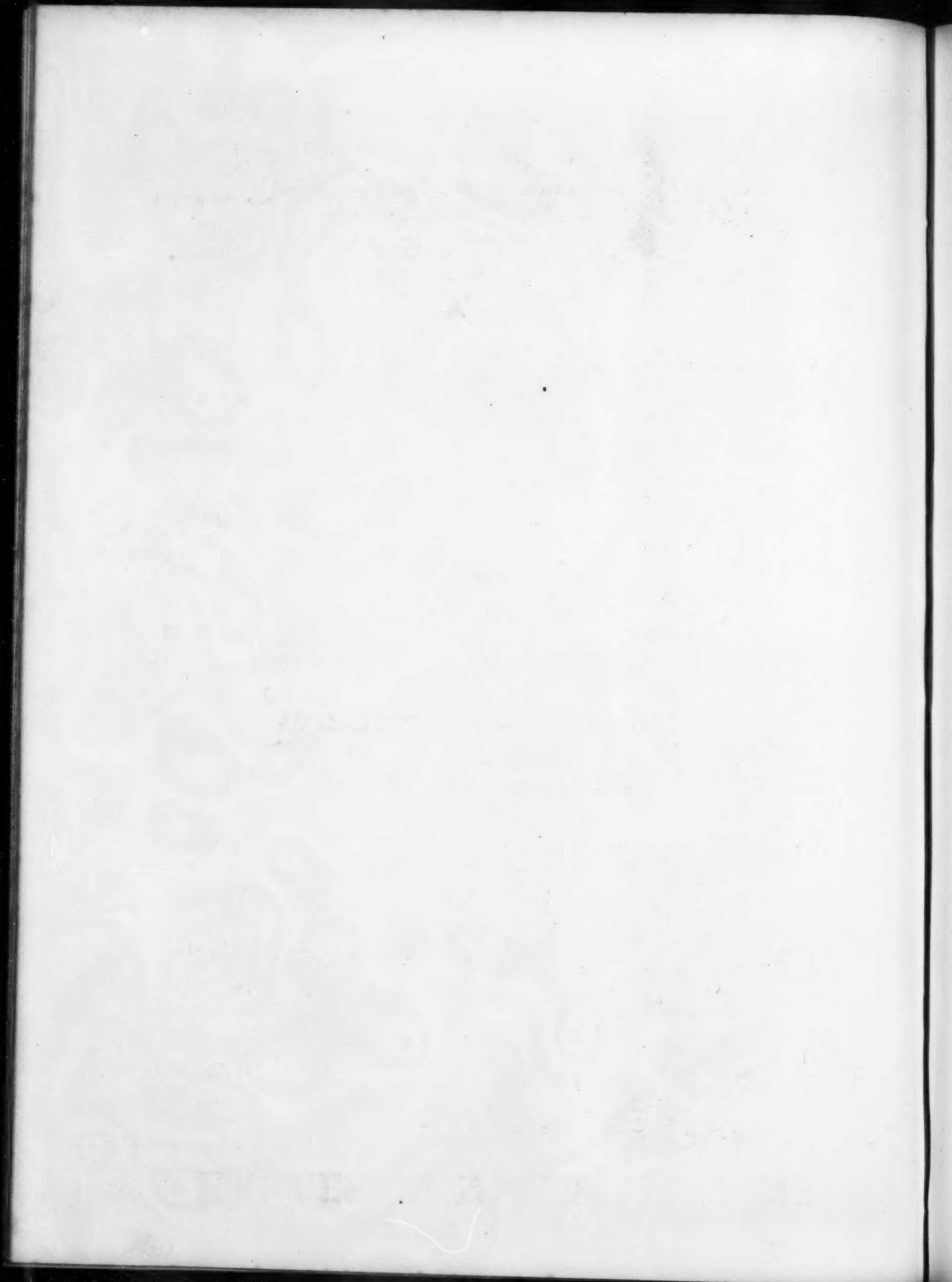
E. M. WARD, R.A. PINXT.

P. A. HEATH, SCULPT.

JAMES II. RECEIVING NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

FROM THE "BELL" COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON, VINTAGE & CO.



our volume for 1866, and of Mr. Alexander Hill, the eminent print-publisher of Edinburgh. This tribute of respect is paid "to his memory, not merely from his connection with the Academy as its print-seller and publisher, but on account of the liberal and spirited manner in which he took up and carried out many undertakings beneficial to Art, and involving not only energy and experience, but considerable risk and very large expenditure." Mr. Thomas A. Hill, son of the deceased, has presented to the Academy, in accordance with the expressed wish of his father, a portfolio of artists' proofs of the most important of his later publications.

At the last annual general meeting of the Society, it was proposed by the President, and carried unanimously, that Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., Messrs. D. MacIver, R.A., and J. E. Millais, R.A., be elected Honorary Academicians, "in token of the admiration in which the Academy holds the genius of those artists, and of the dedication of their great and varied gifts to the production of works honouring to British Art." The meeting at the same time resolved that the silver medal of the Academy be presented to Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir Francis Grant, "the one having held, and the other now holding, the office of President of the Royal Academy." But did Sir Edwin ever hold the post? We are aware it was offered him; but certainly we never heard that he accepted it, and do not believe he ever did.

The concluding paragraph of the report enforces some judicious counsels on the younger artists of the country, which are as applicable to those who dwell south of the Tweed as to their northern brethren. "From the growing wealth of the country," it says, "and the rapidly-increasing knowledge and appreciation among the higher and middle classes of all matters connected with Art, there cannot fail to be a wider demand for works of Art of a higher character to adorn the magnificent architectural structures—whether public buildings or private residences—yearly rising in town and country in all parts of the kingdom; and it is not less evident that a highly-educated class of artists will be more and more in request to meet the requirements of this higher general aesthetic cultivation. It is for the artists and Art-students of Scotland generally to follow the leading of those of their countrymen who have attained distinguished eminence in Art in fitting themselves for the execution of important works, which, for matured study and skilful elaboration, will stand the test of criticism and time. To a large extent this capacity exists in our painters and sculptors as well as our architects; and it thus becomes the duty of the Council, while presuming to admonish their brethren in Art, and in fulfilment of their duty to their students, who, in the course of events, may be called on to take the places of the present Academicians and Associates, also to remind their countrymen generally, that on them likewise rests a responsibility, which the Council believe they will gladly embrace, to aid in fostering into a still more healthy vitality the rising Art of Scotland."

The "Appendix" of the report contains a short correspondence between the President—writing on behalf of the members of the Scottish Academy—Sir Francis Grant, and Lady Eastlake, expressive of the sympathy of the former with the loss sustained by the death of Sir Charles L. Eastlake; also a letter of congratulation to Sir Francis Grant on his election to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, with the reply.

No one who is concerned for the welfare of British Art but must feel interest for the success of the Scottish School: it has given us not a few of the greatest names which adorn the list, past and present, of our Art annals. These, perhaps, have reached their highest honours among us southerners; but Scotland gave them birth, and fostered their genius. Thus they have reflected their glory on both parts of the United Kingdom, and each acknowledges it and takes pride in it.

## SCULPTURAL WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A PERIODICAL notice of the progress of public sculpture is rendered necessary by the fact, that such works are frequently too massive to be removed from the studio of the artist for exhibition. This is the case with the Prince Albert Memorial, no portion of which will perhaps be publicly seen until the whole shall have been erected *in situ*. Important memorials have a claim to consideration; but besides these, there are noteworthy many precious thoughts committed to the marble, of which no record, however brief, exists. Among the latter are conspicuous many pieces of religious and poetic sculpture, eloquent according to the life breathed into them, and in purity and tenderness transcending a great majority of the catalogue of antecedent productions of the same class. Some of them would be a source of much pleasure to the many, but the gratification will be limited to the few; because it is as impossible, for want of space, that all works can be exhibited, as it is, even if there were space, that the hyper-colossal achievements of the present day could be publicly shown, under the ordinary conditions of exhibition. Some of the principal and secondary figures for the Albert Memorial are finished, but at least four years must elapse before the composition can be completed on the spot destined to receive it.

The material of which it will consist is called Sicilian marble, but it is harder and more flinty than any specimen of Sicilian marble we have ever seen. We remember nothing at all in marble comparable with these huge forms, save perhaps the *Toro Farnese*; but from the difficulty of carving this stone, the execution of any principal group of the Albert Memorial will be three times more arduous than that of such a composition as the *Toro* in Greek or Italian marble. Critics and amateurs have been diffident of our school of sculpture; and those who content themselves with some of our public statues as a criterion, may be so still; but such is the advance made of late years by English artists, that to be barely just we must be warmly eulogistic. This notice, however, is but an enumeration of works of which many of the highest character will never appear in any exhibition.

The statue of Prince Albert, which is in the hands of Baron MAROCHETTI, is not of the same material as the rest of the Memorial. It will be of bronze, but it is not yet ready for casting, nor will it be so for some time. This colossal crowning figure will, in tone, contrast advantageously with the rest of the Memorial, and will, perhaps, be the most imposing figure the artist has executed. It will be remembered, when this Memorial was first projected, the principal figure was to be a statue of the Queen; but after the lamented decease of the Prince, a statue of the latter was substituted, (by her Majesty's desire.

Mr. FOLEY's statue of Lord Herbert of Lea has been cast in bronze, and will be ready for erection when the metal surface has been cleared. The site destined to receive this fine work is the small forecourt of the Ordnance Office in Pall Mall, where unquestionably the statue will be lost. The question of placing public sculptures has recently been touched upon in the newspapers, but as such memorials are now continually increasing, it is a subject demanding a large share of attention. The best situation in London for the statues of our war-heroes, and of those connected with our military administration, is the Horse Guards' Parade, where a long series of eminent commanders might be disposed without in anywise cramping the parade evolutions of even four or five battalions. And why could not Lord Herbert of Lea be placed there as the worthy initiation of such a project? The exigencies of the subject demand a consideration more lengthened and mature than can here be given to it at present. The pedestal of the statue above mentioned will bear three bas-reliefs, all allusive to the period of Lord Herbert's administration. The compositions show the construction and finishing of an Armstrong gun—a section of our Volunteer

force, allusive to the three nations of which it is composed; and the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, with groups of wounded men.—The principal portion of the monument to General Bruce (who, it will be remembered, died in Syria while in attendance on the Prince of Wales) is finished, and the three bas-reliefs are in a state advancing towards completion. The subjects are the Prince and his suite, as pilgrims, setting out for the Holy Land; the party surveying Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives; and the death of General Bruce. This last bas-relief was engraved in the *Art-Journal*, in the May number of last year. The monument is intended to be placed in the Abbey of Dunfermline.—For the Dublin University, and as a companion to the statue of Goldsmith, Mr. Foley is engaged on a statue of Edmund Burke, the model of which is an admirable work of Art.—He has also nearly completed, in marble, a figure of Prince Albert for Birmingham; and for Glasgow a very fine life-sized likeness of Lord Clyde; also, what may be called a *replica* of his statue of 'Egeria' in the Mansion House, though much more light and nymph-like.

The different agroupments for the Prince Albert Memorial are in various stages of progress. In one or two cases the chisel is already giving form to the dominant group, while in others it is only yet in the clay. The mass from which Mr. MacDOWELL's bull—the living and moving throne of his 'Europa'—is being carved, is gradually assuming a grand classic type. The 'Britannia' is finished—calm and self-possessed, seated on a rock beaten by the waves. The other figures, 'France,' 'Italy,' and 'Germany,' are pointedly characterised by the most appropriate emblems. 'France' and 'Italy' are, for their simplicity, beauty, and poetic sentiment, deserving of the highest praise.

The Memorial subject in course of treatment by Mr. WEEKES is 'Industry,' which is represented principally by a figure holding an hour-glass in her left hand, and resting her right on a beehive. Of the three supplementary figures, one is associated with textile manufactures, and the other with fictile products; and these two great branches of industry are accompanied by a third, to which is given a remarkable prominence, such as befits the dimensions which our iron trade has assumed: this is a smith resting on his sledge-hammer—a figure of fine Herculean proportions, very happily representing the importance of our hardware traffic.—A statue of the Queen, for Bombay, is advancing under the hand of the same artist; by whom there is also completed, for the College of Surgeons, a bust of Mr. Lawrence, the eminent surgeon; and for Westminster he is working at a statue of Charles II., whose features declare themselves at once, as recalling the very best portraits of that monarch.—We may here mention a half life-sized statue of 'Cleopatra,' who is presented standing and applying the asp to her left breast. This admirable figure is a result of diligent study and inquiry, and carries with it a conviction of the possibility of reconciling the Egyptian and the beautiful. The richly-carved pedestal is ornamented with the sphinx, lotus, and other appropriate emblems.

For the Memorial, the subject 'Agriculture' is in the hands of Mr. W. C. MARSHALL, and before touching the stone, he has completed the casting of all his figures. The principal impersonation, the 'Genius of Agriculture,' is enjoining attention to the breeding and rearing of cattle, and the improvement of agricultural implements. The narrative is so perspicuous, that every point tells. The implements being of a primitive form, are pointedly suggestive of the need of that amelioration inculcated by the good genius.—'Sofronia and Olindo' (Tasso, vol. i., can. ii.), an admirable subject for sculpture, has been very successfully treated by Mr. Marshall. We see the lovers addressing each other, in all the impassioned pathos of the poet's verse; they are bound to the stake, according to the description—

"Sono ambo stretti al palo stesso, e volto.  
E il tergo al tergo, e'l volto acceso al volto."

Besides these are other poetical and some scriptural subjects of great beauty, especially a statue of 'Jael,' who is about to pick up the tent

pin with which she slew Sisera. In the same studio is a bust of Joseph Hume, for the Houses of Parliament. It is after a bust by Ritchie, of Edinburgh, executed in 1825.

Mr. BELL, who is engaged on the subject 'America' for the great monument, has completed in plaster several of his accessory figures, besides having very materially advanced his centre group, in which 'America' appears, borne by a bison, by whose side, and directing its course, is a figure representing the 'United States,' the others being 'Canada,' 'South America,' and 'Central America.' In his treatment of the subject, Mr. Bell deals with it geographically, and escapes from allegory as much as possible, so that the whole is readily interpretable.—In the same studio are several poetic works finished, and others being advanced in marble, as 'The Babes in the Wood,' 'The Last Kiss,' 'The Octoroon,' &c.

Mr. DURHAM has made in his 'Santa Filomena' several important changes. The drapery, which was originally plain, is now crossed in front from left to right by a scarf, and the sleeve of the left arm, which raises the lamp, is brought into the composition more directly than it was before. The place of the lamp also, in respect of the head, has been changed, so as to bring more into view the beauties of the face and head. These, the most important alterations, are preparatory to reproduction in marble.—'Good Night' is the title given to a statue of a little girl who is going to bed, hugging her doll in her arms, and holding up her face for the accustomed kiss. There is also advancing in the marble a group of a brother and sister, who examine a picture-book with intense interest. Among this artist's crowning gifts is his felicity in dealing with the portraiture of children, for each statue, besides being a personal identity, is a subject so pleasing, as to be valuable on this account alone, independently of impersonation.—Mr. Durham is also executing, for Guildhall, a bust of Lord Palmerston, presenting him as he was about the time of his accession to the premiership—a very striking likeness, with all the vivacious argument that characterised his face; for the Record Office a bust of Lord Romilly; and for erection at Dunchurch, a statue of Lord John Scott.

In Mr. WOOLNER's monumental sculptures there is an originality of thought, and a maturity of finish, which leave far behind all productions of this class that defer to accepted conventionalities. The vulgar attributes to which we have been so long accustomed are dismissed, and the artist, in a charming composition, relies upon a story of spiritual life, in which is set forth the meeting after death of a mother and child, the latter of whom died about twelve months before the former. The infant is held in the arms of an angel, and presses forward to throw itself into those of its mother, who, although herself in the spirit, is awed by the vision before her. In every passage we read exalted purpose. The angel and the infant are described as having descended—it appears that the mother has ascended,—and as, in dealing in Art with the spiritual we are still dependent on the material, there is on the part of the infant, on recognising its mother, an effort to embrace her, and on the part of the angel a correspondent exertion of gentle restraint. The conditions of these three figures are described with the utmost eloquence of which marble is capable.—To Mr. Woolner the relations of mother and child are a prolific source of incident. In another composition is seen a mother teaching her child to pray—this is the Christian mother; in contrast with whom appears, in a bas-relief on the pedestal, the ancient British mother, rearing her son on raw flesh, to incite him to vengeance against his enemies.—There is also a recumbent figure of the size of life, to the memory of the late Mr. Prescott, who, while sitting at the bedside of his gamekeeper, was stricken by the fever from which the man was suffering, and died.—The statue of King William III., for the Royal Gallery at Westminster, is ready for removal, but the niche is not yet prepared for its reception.

In the studio of Mr. BUTLER are some public works, busts of men of eminence living and deceased. For the University of Cambridge

he has executed a bust of Dr. Clark, late Professor of Anatomy to the University; it is to be placed in the anatomical museum. This grand patriarchal head carries us back to the best days of the "Rhodian Art;" indeed the productions of this artist place him in the front rank of our bust-sculptors. Also for Cambridge is a bust of the late Mr. Cooper, Town Clerk; another (private) of Lord Rollo; and a bust of the late Dr. Hugh Falconer, F.R.S., executed for a public institution in India. Two of these works are posthumous, yet by the committees under whose direction they have been wrought, they are regarded as admirable likenesses.

A very original conception has been embodied by Mr. HALSBY, being 'A Blind Girl Reading.' On her lap lies a copy of a portion of the Bible with raised letters, as used by the blind; her face is turned upward, and whatever of painful association might arise in seeing the living reality, it is here entirely superseded by the interest which has been given to the subject.—There is also by the same hand, and in marble, an 'Eve in the Garden'—before the fall.

The monumental works of Mr. EDWARDS are animated by a spirit of sacred poetry so touching, as at once to raise the mind from contemplation of the temporal to meditation on the eternal. His angels and spirits have so much of the essence of holy purity, that we accept them at once as embodiments of divine texts. In the beauty of some of the heads is a grandeur that recalls the utmost exaltation of the antique, while in others there is a tenderness illustrative of one of the great precepts of sacred writ. Such is 'The Spirit of Love and Truth' (engraved in the *Art-Journal*); and all this, and something more, is a monumental figure called 'The Angel of Light,' that hovers over a tomb, and points upwards—at once a type of immortality, the resurrection, and the reward of faith. Mr. Edwards's profile bas-reliefs are a speciality. They are cast in fine plaster, sometimes judiciously relieved by grey grounds, and framed so as to hang in a drawing-room. Of this class is a portrait of Mrs. Kennedy Erskine, a production of rare beauty, and coming so near the Greek, as almost to seem to have been idealised. Other works by this artist are busts of Mr. Owen, Sir John Guest, Mr. Williams, of Aberdare, &c.

By Mr. NOBLE is a bust of the Prince of Wales, and one also of the Princess of Wales, in progress for the People's Park at Oldham; they are presented by the members for the borough. The first busts worked from the models were sent to Clothworkers' Hall, in the City.—For Peel Park, at Salford, is a statue of Cobden in Sicilian marble—an excellent likeness, and very original in treatment, as showing the statesman in deep thought, with his left hand raised to his head. One of the most successful busts we have ever seen is that of Mr. Seely, the member for Lincoln; for whom also Mr. Noble has executed fine heads of Cromwell and Garibaldi.—A colossal model of the Queen upon the throne is nearly completed; it is intended for the public gardens at Bombay, presented by the King of Baroda. He has also completed busts of Lord Palmerston, for the Trinity House; of Sidney, Duchess of Manchester; Mr. Blackwood; Mr. Cobden, for the Corporation of London, &c.

The statues of James I. and Charles I., by Mr. THORNEYCROFT, are in readiness to be placed, as soon as the niches in the Royal Gallery at Westminster shall be ready to receive them. There is now in the hands of this sculptor the model of what we think will be the largest marble statue which has ever been produced in this country; that of the Marquis of Westminster. It was originally proposed to cast it in bronze, but on considering the difficulties of producing such a statue in metal, it was determined to have a work of actual sculpture, carved, not cast. The cost of its execution and erection will be defrayed by a subscription of the inhabitants of Chester and the neighbourhood, its destination being a site in a park on the banks of the Dee presented by the Marquis to the public—a gift equivalent in value to £30,000.—For the Prince Albert Memorial Mr. Thorneycroft is allegorising 'Commerce,' which he has worthily embodied as a figure similar to the

Roman impersonation of 'Fortune.' Supported on her left arm is a cornucopia—her right hand rests on the shoulder of a young merchant. The complementary figures of the agropment are well advanced.—The Princess Helena is sitting to Mrs. Thorneycroft for a bust, in which appears a resemblance of the Queen so extraordinary, that on a cursory view it is considered to be a likeness of her Majesty. The work is as yet incomplete, but it promises to be a production remarkable for simplicity and elegance.

Mr. THEED has nearly completed, in marble, his group of the Queen and Prince Albert, who are represented as a Saxon king and queen, and wearing the costume of the ninth century. It is entitled 'The Parting,' and is allusive to the loss sustained by the Queen in the melancholy death of the Prince. The pedestal of this work is formed of a piece of that rare antique variegated marble which is obtained only from the old Roman villas and palaces, as no quarry supplying the stone now exists.—For the Prince of Wales a statue of 'Musidora' has been completed and sent to Marlborough House; and those of George IV. and William IV. are now ready for erection in the Royal Gallery in the Houses of Parliament, but the niches have not yet been prepared to receive them.—In the same studio is a finished cast of a large bas-relief of the 'Lord's Supper,' intended to be worked in statuary marble, to be placed over the communion table of St. John's Church, Croydon, presented by Mrs. Newman Smith.—Mr. Theed is advancing his African group for the Albert Memorial. The figures, all but completed, are an Arab merchant, alluding to the commercial element of this quarter of the globe, and a negro leaning on his bow, a type of the least civilised parts of Africa. The principal figure here is an Egyptian queen on a camel. It is only by seeing this great work in progress that we are able to estimate the difficulties of its execution and the prospective embarrassments to be encountered in its erection. The figures are colossal, and the material in which they are being worked is in weight the next to metal, and in hardness the next substance to granite. Thus the removal and placing of the larger masses of these compositions become a problem which we can only suppose to be solved by carving them in two or three pieces, as other large works have been treated before.

We know of no other sculptural work equal to this in magnitude and importance, and when finished and in its place, it is to be hoped that it will make an impression that will assist in vindicating the character of our public works. It is unfortunate that some of our statues in the most prominent situations are among the least meritorious that have ever been produced by members of our school. A comparison between these and others that, in different studios, are advancing towards completion, suggest anomalous conclusions, especially as in poetic and religious composition certain of our artists are unexcelled. The substitution of profound and touching sentiment for the theatrical element which characterises other schools, gives to our sculpture a value entirely its own. It is extraordinary that so many of our public works should be failures. But it has almost always been so; of the throng of monuments in St. Paul's, only three are of marked excellence, and these are the statues of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Babington. It is a rule in some continental countries, to destroy public works that are pronounced unworthy of the person to be represented, and the place it is to occupy; and we hope the time will come when some of our own will at least be removed from the prominent sites which they fill.

For the Albert Memorial it is not certain that the material selected will prove the best. It has, perhaps, been chosen to avoid the black incrustations which bronze puts on in our climate. But the marble will have this disadvantage—all the undercutting will become black and sooty, while the upper parts will remain clean, being always washed by the rain.

Here we close our notice of sculptural works in progress, too brief to describe adequately the merits of a great proportion of them. If any be omitted, they will claim and receive the *amende* on some future opportunity.

## MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. XII.—F. DE BRAEKELEER. C. BAUGNIET. H. BOURCE.

**F**ERDINAND DE BRAEKELEER, Member of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, and Joint-Director, with M. De Keyser, of the Museum of Art in that city, was born at Antwerp in 1792, a date that places him among the veterans of the Belgian school of painters. For a considerable period of his earlier career he devoted his time almost exclusively to historical subjects, of which he produced a considerable number, some of them on canvases of very large dimensions. The first of these, painted in 1817, was 'Tobit burying the Body of a Jew at Night.' Two years afterwards he exhibited, at Antwerp, 'Faustulus presenting Romulus and Remus to his Wife,' 'Esau asking a Blessing of Isaac,' and 'Tobit recovering his Sight.' A 'Holy Family,' painted for a church at Amsterdam, was exhibited there in 1822, with 'The Grotto of Neptune at Tivoli,' and 'A Young Girl of Frascati.' From this time M. De Braekeleer turned his attention during several years to the history of his own country more especially, with an occasional display of subjects of a somewhat miscellaneous description. In 1830 he contributed to the Brussels Exhibition 'The Baker;' it represents the treachery and defeat of the Duc d'Anjou at Antwerp, an incident in the history of the city during the sixteenth century. In 1832 he exhibited at Ghent

'Rubens painting the "Chapeau de Paille."' Within the two following years he produced 'The Bombardment of Antwerp in 1830,' 'Orphans unprotected during the Bombardment,' 'The Citadel of Antwerp after the Day of its Capitulation,' 'The Myope and his Deaf Wife,' 'The Inundation of the Frise in 1570,' 'A Burlesque Musical Scene.' In 1834 he exhibited at Antwerp 'The Gallant Defence of Tournay when besieged in 1581 by the Prince of Parma;' and at Brussels, in 1836, 'The Defence of Antwerp against the Spaniards in 1576,' and 'The Schoolmistress.' The former of these two pictures, a canvas of very large size, is in the Museum of Antwerp.

It is probable that by this time De Braekeleer had discovered history was not the department of Art best suited to his talents; or, at least, that the public appreciated such works less than those of a *genre* character; for he henceforth devoted himself almost, if not quite, exclusively to the latter, and therein has achieved a high reputation. His pictures of this class are distinguished by skilful design, correct drawing, humorous invention, most careful execution, and delicate, harmonious colouring. Among them there is not one that exhibits these qualities more than the picture here selected as an example of the artist, who calls it 'LE TOUR DU MARCHE,' or, as we should Anglicise it, 'The Round of the Market,' a composition which Wilkie or Webster might have produced. The principal personage in it is a man, apparently one of those unfortunate half-witted individuals to be found in almost every village: he has been the "round of the market," and is laden with purchases; he is a character in the place, the butt of mischievous boys and girls, and the amusement of their elders; "even the dogs bark at him as he passes,"—to borrow an idea from Shakspeare. The picture is full of humour, and the whole is painted with great firmness of touch and delicate handling.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

F. De Braekeleer, Pinxt.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

LE TOUR DU MARCHE.

To the International Exhibition of 1862 M. de Braekeleer contributed 'The Bride's Departure' and 'Le Comte de Mi-carême.' The latter is in the Royal Museum of Brussels; a print of it lies before us, and also of others, 'The Golden Wedding,' 'Grandfather's Blessing,' &c. &c., but our space prevents special allusion to them. We may remark, however, concerning 'Le Comte de

Mi-carême'—a multitude of children scrambling for bonbons, &c.—that it is in every way so thoroughly excellent, we were only deterred from engraving it by the number of figures introduced: it would have proved impossible within the limits of our page to do them justice even in their actions, but much more so in the diversified and inimitable expression of their faces.

**CHARLES BAUGNIET.** This is a name which must be familiar to a very large number of those who are acquainted with the Art-works produced in England during the last twenty years or longer. We have materials concerning the career of this painter ample enough to fill several pages of the *Art-Journal*, but we are unfortunately obliged to compress our notice within a narrow compass. M. Baugniot was born at Brussels in 1814, and, after receiving a liberal education, entered the service of the Belgium Government presided over by the Minister of Finance, where his father occupied an important post. Among the accomplishments taught him in his youthful days was drawing, which he studied under M. Paelinck, a pupil of David the celebrated French painter. After passing several years in the office of the Administration, he resolved to turn his attention entirely to Art—a determination justified by the success of some portraits he produced prior to the final relinquishment of his post in 1834. He had acquired remarkable facility in drawing upon lithographic stone;

and on this material he executed at once from his sitters—that is, without any previous sketch—portraits of a very large number of the most distinguished individuals in Belgium. In 1837 he went to Paris, where he was engaged upon portraits for the publication *Les Artistes Contemporains*. On his return to Brussels his pencil was again actively employed, and he was commissioned to execute a portrait, after nature, of the late King Leopold, reproductions of which were sent officially to all the *Communes* of the country. Two years later he was decorated with the order of Leopold, and soon after was nominated Chevalier of the Order of La Branche Ernestine of Saxe, of Christ of Portugal, and of Isabelle la Catholique of Spain.

In 1843 Baugniot arrived in England, and from this date till 1859 he resided here, and his name, as already intimated, became well-known among us. Within this period he drew upon stone about fifteen hundred portraits of men and women holding a place more or less distinguished in the various ranks of English society



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

C. Baugniot, Paint.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

THE PENITENT.

—aristocratic, political, literary, artistic, scientific, theatrical, &c. A year or two ago he presented to the Royal Library of Brussels a complete set of his portraits—about three thousand in number—contained in thirty-four or thirty-five folio volumes. Mr. John Haes, of Stockwell, one of the artist's most intimate friends and associates during his residence in London, possesses, we believe, a collection of all his English portraits. No one who took cognizance of these works, as they made their appearance, could fail to notice the grace, fidelity, and freedom with which they are executed. Several examples appeared in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy in the years 1847, 1854, and 1855.

Towards the end of 1859 the state of Baugniot's health compelled him to leave England. He did so with much regret, for he had here passed a most pleasant part of his life, and had gained the esteem of a large circle of friends; moreover he had commenced practice as an oil-painter, a change which originated in the following way. During a temporary stay at Brussels in 1857,

he stopped a few days at the residence of M. Ernest Slingeneer, a distinguished Belgian artist, whose 'Christian Martyr' in the International Exhibition of 1862 must be familiar to most of our readers. Slingeneer was absent from home at the time, and Baugniot amused himself in his friend's studio by sketching out, and working upon, a picture in oils. On the return of Slingeneer he saw what had been done, and was so pleased with it that he recommended his guest to persevere, and predicted for him a successful career.

On leaving England he set out for Italy, intending to pass some time there in study and practice; but while in Milan news arrived there of the dangerous illness of his father, and he hastened back to Brussels. During the three months that preceded the death of the latter, Baugniot painted 'The First-Born'; it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860, and was purchased by Mr. Duncan Dunbar, M.P. The climate of Belgium not suiting the artist, he took up his abode in Paris, where he is now resident. The winter

of 1858 was passed in that city, when he produced a picture entitled 'Four o'clock in the Morning,' a young workman at the door of his home after labouring through the night, and 'A Lady of Charity,' the latter was exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in 1859, and was bought by an English amateur. Two other pictures painted in England prior to his quitting England were exhibited in Brussels in 1859; these were 'A Young Girl at her Toilette,' and 'THE PENITENT,' the latter we have engraved here; it is the property of M. J. Nieuwenhuys, and is an excellent example of the artist's manner of treating these *genre* subjects. The story is told perspicuously enough, with great elegance of design in the disposition of the figures.

In 1862 he exhibited at our Academy 'The Fisherman's Home,' bought by Mr. Henry Bicknell. 'The Delight of the Household,' now the property of M<sup>me</sup>. Borel de Meuron, of Paris, but not exhibited in England, bears the same date. From this time M. Bource's reputation as a painter of domestic subjects was firmly established both in England and in Paris, where he seems to be almost better known than in his native country, though he has

occasionally exhibited in Brussels. Among his later works may be mentioned 'The Eldest Daughter,' exhibited at the Salon of Paris in 1863, and now in the collection of M. Parent, of that city.

There are numerous productions of this painter we might point out, had we space. Those mentioned will suffice to show the direction in which the mind of the artist moves. He works out his ideas with the true feeling of nature, while his pictures are characterised by great delicacy of execution and purity of colour.

HENRI BOURCE is a native of, and resident in, Antwerp. He was born on the 2nd of December, 1826. The political troubles of 1830 compelled his family to quit their native country, and retire to Middlebourg, in Holland, where, on quitting school, he entered an office of the Government. At the age of nineteen he relinquished his post to follow the profession of a painter, returning to Antwerp for the purpose of studying in the schools of the Academy, then under the direction of Baron Wappers. In 1851 he exhibited for the first time, sending to the Hague his 'Return of the Vintagers.' It was subsequently forwarded for exhibition



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

H. Bource, Paint.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIDOW.

to Dublin, and was there purchased by the Art-Union Society of that city. 'The Age of Gold,' and 'Jephthah's Daughter with her Companions' were painted a year or two afterwards.

In 1856 Bource went to Paris, returning thence the following year with a large picture, 'Marie Antoinette leaving the Prison of the Temple.' It obtained a gold medal when exhibited at the Hague, was engraved by M. Cormilliet, and is now in the collection of the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia. In 1858 he exhibited at Antwerp 'The Rescue of a French Crew by Pilots of Antwerp,' now in the Museum of Mons. From this time he has painted nothing but subjects which properly come under the head of *genre*. The principal among these, taking them in something of a chronological order, are 'The Departure of Fishermen,' and its companion 'The Return of Fishermen,' sketched on the coast of Holland; 'The Anxious Wife,' 'The Fisherman's Widow,' for which he obtained in 1862 a gold medal at the Rotterdam exhibition; 'A Visit to My Neighbour,' and 'A Summer's Evening at the Sea-side,' the last was exhibited in Brussels in 1863,

where it gained a gold medal. It is now in the Hague Museum. In 1863 M. Bource married M<sup>lle</sup>. Léonie Steenlet, a lady of considerable personal attractions, an accomplished pianist, and skilful with her pencil. Their union, unfortunately, was of short duration, for the first anniversary of their marriage was the day of her death. For their wedding trip they visited England and Scotland. Subsequently he travelled through a great part of France, into Switzerland, a portion of Germany, Sweden, and Norway.

Among the pictures painted since 1863, may be particularly noticed 'Good Night, Mamma!' 'Days of Sadness,' a fisherman's widow seated by the cradle of her sick infant, it is in the Museum of Ghent; 'Laplanders returning from Hunting,' 'Leaving Church,' a Norwegian scene; and 'The Shipwreck,' M. Bource's latest picture, and, undoubtedly, one of his best.

An engraving of 'THE FISHERMAN'S WIDOW' is here introduced, as a good example of the compositions of this most pleasing and painstaking Belgian artist.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

## HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.\*

WITHOUT expressing our opinion one way or another on the wisdom and expediency of the recent introduction of ritualistic practices in the services of the Church, it is obvious that the supporters of the movement have done much towards improving the character of hymnology. In almost every parish church, however remote, the psalms appended to the Book of Common Prayer, which alone were employed in public worship half a century ago, have been discarded long since, and some "collection" of psalms and hymns has taken their places. These compilations contain, generally, much that is excellent and devotional, but little that is adapted to congregational singing: hymns to be read and pondered over in quietude; "spiritual songs" for private meditation, not psalms and hymns of praise and adoration, in which hundreds of voices might suitably and heartily unite in accompanying the "pealing organ." The Ritualists have led the way in effecting a change from these collections of sacred verse which was generally felt to be much needed; so that even in churches where most of the practices of these revivalists are strongly condemned, their example as regards hymnology is being followed, though often at a respectful distance.

The hymns of Bishop Heber have always been esteemed and admired as occupying a place among the best specimens of modern devotional poetry. All are not suited to the use of Church-congregations, though all have reference to the services of the Church; and many of them are to be found in those improved editions of hymnals to which allusion has been made. Deficient in the rough vigour and quaintness that characterise the psalms versified by Sternhold and Hopkins, in the poetical strength and beauty of many of Charles Wesley's hymns, and in the deep spiritualism of John Keble's, the sacred poems of Reginald Heber are yet everywhere marked by true devotional feeling and most graceful expression. Here and there we find one that shows a higher claim to poetical composition, as in the Advent hymn, "The Lord will come! the earth shall quake," that for St. Stephen's day, "The Son of God goes forth to war," and that well-known hymn for the Epiphany, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!"

These writings have never, we believe, been published in a collected form till now, when they appear in a very elegant edition; paper, printing, binding, and illustrations, all combine to render it a volume as attractive as any, and more so than many, which the publishers of "gift books" have recently put forth. Upwards of eighty engravings of various kinds adorn the volume, from designs by W. J. Allen, W. Small, H. C. Selous, R. P. Leitch, F. Keyl, E. M. Wimperis, P. Skelton, W. Lawson, and an artist who signs S. J. C. The floriated border and the initials are by T. Kennedy and S. J. C. The whole have been engraved under the direction of Mr. James D. Cooper, and in a manner which, for delicacy and artistic feeling, has rarely been excelled. The three specimens introduced on this page will enable our readers to form their own judgment. The first, by W. J. Allen, is suggested by the passage, "Go out, and compel them to come in," on which is founded the hymn, "Forth from the dark and stormy sky;" the landscape, by E. M. Wimperis, precedes "When spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil;" the third illustrates the parable of the Good Samaritan: it is from a design by H. C. Selous. Taking some of the others in the order in which they appear, we may point out a clever little bit of "sea-scapes," with a thunder-storm effect, by T. Kennedy; 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' by W. J. Allen, tells the story effectively. There is considerable spirit in 'Then took they up stones to cast at Him,' by the same artist; and also in his 'The Shepherd,' a pleasant picture in every way. 'Lazarus,' by H. C. Selous, is a clever composition. 'Glorious as a silver shield'

—sunset at sea—is a remarkably luminous "bit" of engraving; and the "tail-piece," by

the same artist, following the hymn which the illustration by Mr. Wimperis on this page pre-



cedes, shows a charming little snow-scene. F. Keyl's border of foliage, birds, and birds' nests, round the hymn, "Lo the lilies of the field," is graceful and true. 'Take up thy bed, and



walk!' by W. J. Allen, is one of his most effective compositions; by the side of which we would place his 'Tribute-Money.' In this elegant little volume are several good initials,



\* HEBER'S HYMNS, Illustrated. Published by Low, Son, and Marston, London.

the credit of which must chiefly, we presume, be given to T. Kennedy, whose floriated borders,

not over-elaborated, manifest taste of a good order, and considerable freedom of pencil.

## VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

## XI.

THE ONE SUPREME MERIT OF ST. PETER'S. RITUALISM AT ITS SOURCE. MUSTAPHA, THE PAPAL SOPRANO. FROM THE CATACOMBS TO THE BASILICA.

AT Rome our abode in a tall narrow street, into which the guarded windows were too high in the wall for any look-out, was dull, and sometimes cold as a well; this coldness (early in October!) being so far general that we heard of young artists issuing forth regularly every day to warm themselves by standing in the sun before the terrace-walls of the Trinità de' Monti. So that it is a pity their models may no longer congregate there, instead of being left to assemble in the Via Sistina, where it seems Mr. Leighton had just been seen intently considering some of them. Well, may Pascuccia, (who seems capably endowed for that purpose,) only teach him the beauty of healthful and bright looks. This present state of the climate, however, will hardly help her. Why, in our own very floor, a consumptive young English lady, who had been packed off to Rome by her physician, apparently at haphazard, with little thought, or knowledge of the climate, was sadly at a loss to find any medium between the chills in the shade and the fierce heat in the sun; her anxious mother, (to whom Rome was equally unhealthy from different causes,) being additionally depressed by the solitude amongst unhelpful and mercenary strangers, and dullness amidst interesting objects which they could not venture out to see. Indeed, the city around being prosaically modern to a distance, the peregrinations to Art and antiquity even to us were tiresome. However, after long streets no more Roman in character than the old parts of Paris, there shone St. Peter's. Beyond a shadowy foreground of abominations, and the Angels' Bridge, first peered the dome, substantial in golden sunshine, and seeming to smile good-humouredly at all the feeble representations of it I had ever seen. The greatest, (though not the broadest,) the most elegantly perfect, the most ethereally-seated dome in the world, rose there. But for the sake of the frontage of the church beneath, it might be wished that Wren had been a Roman; since in St. Paul's he has raised a magnificent loggia admirably suited for public blessings, where it is useless, (though, indeed, two or three of our present bishops may think me a little premature in saying so), whilst here Maderno, imagining nothing better than a mere palace-window for that indispensable purpose, was led to secularise the whole façade into a most tame palatial aspect.

And certainly on entering, the effect is so like that of the ordinary Romish church in style and decorations as to cause blank disappointment. Even the size does not impress itself. The tame round and squared forms, unvital, of no germinative spirit, raise no such emotions as those at the high command of a Gothic church of moderate dimensions. On a generalising view, here is a scene of great secular majesty, a Bramantesque hall, worthy of such philosophers as those in Raphael's "School of Athens." But beneath the pressure of the adornments, even this flight of fancy sinks. The sculptures first met with remind one of the amatory idyll of the *ancien régime*; and most of the others are in the affected taste of the ordinary ecclesiastical monuments of the same times. *Cupids* with difficulty

holding up the papal tiara and medallions of the popes, saints in windy raptures and vestments, nymph-like angels with legs and draperies dangling out of all architectural limits, give a character of fluttering and frivolous disorder. Nor do the marbles, from the heaviness of their arrangement, create that magnificence in the eye which the costly sound of their names suggests through the ear. But, beyond all, it is the very pre-eminence of architectural misfortune that, the sublimity of size having been the main purpose for which unprecedented efforts were made, forthwith everything should be done to lessen that effect by making, not only the Corinthian Order of the whole, but the other details and embellishments also, so immense that no contrasting smallness marks, or scales, the real vastness of the fabric.

The plan is precisely that of a Gothic cathedral; but a Renaissance age, adopting antique forms before their spirit was at all understood, tamed down the whole; next coming to the church itself, in its reversed position of antagonism to truth, reduced to its shift of soft and tawdry appeals to the weaker sensibilities—to imagery which, no doubt, would have dismayed the original designers of the pile to the last degree.

"Enter," says Lord Byron, in his magnificent rhapsody, "its grandeur overwhelms thee not; and why, it is not lessened;" when, in fact, this is the very thing that is done, by the magnifying of tame and trumpety things far beyond their antecedents; so that the impression of the true greatness of the pile is no immediate effect of sublimity of character, but the result of observation slowly prevailing over pretentious littleness of thought and style.

And, moreover, this littleness in "the immediate objects" to which the poet particularly advises us to "condense our souls," has, unhappily, so much fascination for those who are beset by satirical propensities, that it is sometimes difficult to rise from it. On each side obtrude sensational monuments, clever often in execution, very, but in conception nauseous; every slight nudity, being, with ever-watchful jealousy, covered with draperies of plaster of Paris, or painted lead; the directing authorities probably not having within their own bosoms any very intimate feeling of the truth of the sacred maxim, that to the pure all things are pure. Wondrous, however, for execution are the mosaic altarpictures often occurring. And so, at length (it is a long walk), is approached, at the end of the church, some old chair or other, assumably St. Peter's, cased in an overwhelming throne, and flourished with a bewilderment of gilt clouds, Cupids, and rays like sheaves of planks; around being statues of the Fathers with black faces, and much high wind in their draperies and whole air. Beside them, in large letters, is a long inscription of the names of the prelates who assisted at the recent announcement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; the name of Antonelli here being, at the end of the church, the final point of the bathos through which I had been for so long gradually sinking.

But here, on looking up, all these things seemed only as a foil to set off the sublimest fabric ever raised perhaps, not even except those which prove that sublime elegance and grace deserted not the human fancy in the middle ages; for Michael Angelo's dome seems to hover at airy height, with a scope too ample to be the crown of a sectional church only, and, even as an image of the majestic power of the human mind, a pledge that it is destined to greater glori-

fyings. And on mounting it, (which luckily could be done at once), it imparted sublimity to the rest of the building, by setting off, at vale-like distance, its vast spaces underneath. And all rose out of the brain of such a thing as that dark spot moving at the bottom of the marble abyss! Its floor was softened by the aerial tints of distance, and by shadows like those cast down by clouds. From some remote choir a sound came floating, doubtfully, confusedly. Out on the roof one might be banished, and have territory enough, especially if allowed to establish a garden there, and with ceaseless topics for meditation certainly.

Of what the decoration of the whole church *should* have been, the interior of the dome presents the finest indication, in quiet symmetry of noble forms, arabesque and saintly figures in mosaic, in delicate airy colours, and subordinated to the architecture every way. Michael Angelo, though he did not live to see his dome with his mere bodily eyes, designed its embellishments, thus hinting much that might have been done throughout. But what emptiness followed may be seen by the treatment of his own works. Mindless even of the most solemn pathos of his Pietà, the sole sculpture of a high class in all the church, they have added to the group two gilded Cupids fluttering in the air, and holding a crown over the Virgin's head—thrusting on her their gewgaws with the very impertinence of unfeeling flattery, even in the moment of her depth of sorrow.

"Thou soul-enlarging cupola!" I fervidly exclaimed, "manifestly, thou art too expansive for many a narrow dogma muttered beneath thee: thy historic and religious glories are to come, to fill to its full measure thy artistic greatness. As thy maternal dome, the Pantheon, has survived its pagan mythology, so wilt thou the mediæval anthropomorphism, that most awful slander on Deity, which has made conceptions of it merely anomalous, has so blackened half eternity and infinity themselves, so beglared with horrid streakings all heavenly light, so polluted the primal sources from which descend all our ideas of love and wisdom, that the divided mind has been held back from contemplating these in the Supreme with that fulness of ever-growing confidence which would be the strongest yet gentlest nourishment and inspiration of the soul!—But perhaps, Spirit of Michael Angelo, these domed thoughts may only show that thy greatness is too much for my littleness, and has turned it giddy!"

Nevertheless, when at Rome, I was fond of getting up into this cupola, and ensnaring myself in it, as it were; and it did seem to me, at the time, as if Michael Angelo had here given us a "stand-point," a point of view which is as his own eye, where things may be ideally contemplated through a medium of greatness and fine taste. And I could even wish that our Ritualists from such a point could behold themselves, aerially, in pea-green and canary-coloured petticoats pass below, thinking that through such a medium they might see themselves as others see them. But the thought was superficial. The sanctification of self is too sweet a thing to be deterred by any demonstration of trivial absurdities; the nonsense *without* being, not as is commonly contended, truly emblems of anything sacred above, but, in fact, the close symbol of the nonsense *within*, the folly too subtly rooted in the depths of our nature to be argued or smiled away.

From the summit of the dome, on my first excursion in Rome, I would have

fluttered down to the Sistine Chapel at once; and such my impatience, that even the notice in one of the Vatican courts of the Pope's coming was scarce welcome. On the clanking of outriders, I held my hat preparatorily but an inch or two off, for fear of a sun-stroke; when, without the least faith in one's decency, I was nearly ignominiously bonneted by an angrily-flushed mounted officer. The Pope, in white cashmere, passed into the palace, but the next moment appearing within at the window, turned about, swung round, holding up his two fingers to bless those gathered without. Upright and stately was his demeanour; his expression at that moment one of benevolence with highly ecclesiastical modifications; though, on subsequent occasions, it seemed to me as if in his large fine dark eyes there was a certain uneasy and almost *shifty* look, denoting the something not in harmony between his natural kindly feeling and his theological principles. Those eyes and two uplifted fingers definitely pervaded me for a second, at least. How far he has the power to bless one so dissident has, no doubt, been settled with the utmost precision by the theologians; and the blessing, as a grace not doctrinally improved, may perhaps operate unfavourably. Nevertheless, Rome, and especially the airy dome, Michael Angelical, and the broad bland divinity stamped on Raphael's faces, (which I seriously consider a great moral power latent in the world,) did so elevate me with benign notions, that I gave this blessing credit for the power of seraphically travelling beyond any bounds which their theologians may have laid down in relentless lines, very prison-bars of the Divine grace, and sometimes worthy to be likened to those ruled on the slates of poor little boys, within which they cast-up their little sums. Besides, beyond question, the blessing of a good man availeth much; and that Pius IX. is a good man, we often heard at Rome from those least well affected to the priests there generally. Their religion, Benedetto described to me, waiting at breakfast, and whispering in French, as "*la religion de l'argent et des belles femmes*." Here they are cruel—*cruel*: they never forget and forgive. Priests are the great antagonists of the rest of the race: objects in human shape are in three great divisions, men, women, and priests, &c., &c. But these invectives were almost always closed by an exception in honour of the Pope. "In civil government he has no more power amongst them than a child; but he is sincere and as kind as his theology will let him be. We do not forget how kindly he inquired after Garibaldi's wound. His head is above—here and there; but, even now, his heart yearns towards Italy."

Our visits to the Sistine were a pursuit of the sublime under difficulties. On fête-days the chapel was engaged in the ceremonies, and we waited in the vestibule for admittance afterwards; with interesting results, however, as regards cardinals and monsignori, minor priests, handsomely veiled and fanned ladies, and officers, as they passed into the chapel, or loitered cloaking and uncloaking, making beautiful obeisances, and exchanging finished little bits of courtesies. Their Eminences, in some instances, looked like old-fashioned gentlemen, or gentlewomen, fitter for the card-table than the council board; others (the ominous sort) looking cold and pasty, with little indeed of fresh human nature in their countenances; Antonelli's alone in any way striking one for picturesqueness of the loftier kind. And his face was worn and thin, his

teeth large—and precarious (like principalities and powers, and indeed all the good in the world), and so projecting that the mouth when closed, drawn down at the corners, increased that expression of pride which seemed his residuary countenance—when in repose. Some excited discordance on the present crisis may account for those looks of *Suo Eminentissimo*, whose time-serving is much at variance with the Pope's unshakable unworldliness. But when they came forth from the Chapel, he seemed in better cue, and had a gracious word and smile on every greeting—with great rapidity of countenance, yet an uneasy vigilance in his eyes, as if nothing, *nobody* escaped him. Oh for a pencil to depict the eminent benignity with which he smiled on the fair lady with the fan, when, with a reverent softness, she sweetly obeisanced him; he gathering his exquisite violet robe and lace petticoat about him as he went away; his countenance passing quickly through other appropriate reciprocations—but the young lady eliminating a *beam*, yes, a positive brightness of fascination, of which one would not else have thought it capable.

The only high ceremonial accessible to a frock coat was on the Festival of San Carlo Borromeo, when the Pope hears Mass in his church in the Corso. Here we saw Pius IX. arrive in a gilded coach very like our Lord Mayor's, all of a flutter with *amorini* sporting with the pontifical emblems; and next we beheld him in a tall limp mitre chaired aloft through the church between two white feather fans, continually bestowing his benediction with his wonted serious air, as if feeling that much virtue was going out of him. Thus, in a style unworthy of his own gentler nature, is he assimilated as much as possible to some languid old lady, in forgetfulness of the truth that the dignity of man advances best on his own proper legs. How much more dignified, to be sure, the single servant and carpet-bag of Scipio Africanus and Mr. Jefferson Davis in their tours of inspection; and what would—what would St. Peter think of it all! When the Cardinals had kissed the Pope's hand, (Antonelli with an air almost supercilious,) Mass began; and in the quire rose the extraordinary tones of Mustapha, the Pope's chief *soprano*, and the first singer in Rome. Looking up, we distinguished in the music gallery a beardless, smooth-faced, fat youth, of an amiable, singularly girlish appearance, who held his head on one side like a woman, and, when he did not sing, rested his arms across within his hands in a position which I thought peculiar to females. His voice was curiously, almost cloyingly sweet, but instrumental rather than vocal, flute-like more than human, yet like a flute not wholly well made. He sang remarkably well, freely, ebulliently, triumphantly; and yet the *baritone*, though of far inferior powers, pleased me, somehow, better—notwithstanding a kindly feeling, irrepressible, towards Mustapha. For, indeed, there was a mild contentment and placidity in his aspect more pleasing, certainly, than the visages of the ecclesiastics. Their countenances fell short of the natural, unforced equanimity of his; in them was manifest effort to be seraphic, with sometimes a most exceedingly unharmonious mixture of expression quite the contrary, which complicated into an enigma the whole physiognomy. But with him the serenity was unaffected, perfect. An exemptness, it betokened, (so to speak,) from human embroilments, anxieties, and perturbations. Seemed it, as if no troublesome moral epi-

demic could rise so far as his tranquil spirit, to fever and disturb it. The sentiment of protection was gently stirred by an aspect of more than feminine docility, and passive harmlessness. "May nothing, Mustapha," (thus mutely breathed I towards the music gallery,) "molest thee, or disturb the unruffled flow of thy existence. May no female cupidity (for thy emoluments, I just overheard, are very considerable) inveigle and involve thee fatally away from its even tenor—no man disparage or flout thy cherubic peculiarities; for, truly, thy voice, thy singing, do appear to be all head and wings, ethereal; and far more than in these coarse, earth-bound beings around, does there seem something purely, lightly cherubic about thee!"

The music was heavenly-lovely, recalling, not slightly, that supreme "*Qui tollis*" movement in Mozart's 12th Mass. But the low-toned conversation of a pair of Englishmen, betweenwhiles, formed a contrast even powerfully dramatic in its effect; for they were talking of the insecurity of life in Rome. Only the day before, a lady was murdered near the Ghetto. In a shop noticing a roll of notes in her hand, they decoyed her into an inner room, on pretence of rarities for sale, and there dispatched her; but a few moments afterwards a man was questioned in the street as to a spot of blood on his hat; and his reply that he had cut his hand being on the instant found untrue, led to a faltering white-faced confession. It was unsafe to be out at night. The English were then going in parties to admire fine effects of moonlight amongst the ruins, deeming it imprudent to go alone. A young neophyte, vaunting to me Rome as "*admittedly*" the most moral city in the world, plainly did not include this class of offences in his idea of immorality, or perhaps sufficiently consider that an ecclesiastical government would certainly conceal much from scandal. But the crimes of savageness do not ruffle the composure of your thoroughly priestly minds; soft frailties and hard dogmas troubling them most, through jealousy and fear. The mention of the Ghetto led the inter-choral chat to the papal persecution of the Jews by vexatious insults worthy of the darkest ages. Out of that filthy little Ghetto a Jew may not live—even in the household of another. The Jews are excluded from the witness-box, except to testify against each other, and taxed especially to pay the salaries of the officers appointed to coerce themselves—even the retiring pension of the functionary who formerly forced them with carbineers to attend every Sunday at the Church of St. Angelo, in Peschiera, to listen to sermons against their own religion. They are excluded from the asylums of charity, yet compelled to furnish the tawdry decorations of the Carnival gratis. From these accounts of the governed, it was striking to turn to the government performing the mass in beautiful needlework, with meek bendings, and momentary mountings of bright incense, and of eyes adoring; as if, having done their duty elsewhere, they might now turn towards the gates of heaven with plenary self-complacency. The account of murders brought about by their favouring shelter of the Bourbon's brigands, interrupted by the effeminated melodies of Mustapha, (a further provision for which was perhaps, even then, being suggested to some rapacious parent, or step-parent, in distinct anticipation of the pontifical needs—the emoluments being considerable), the whisperings about the insecurity of the streets at night and petty

persecutions, swallowed up by the bland thunderings and florid warblings of the very *prima-donna* of organs, had something of strophe and antistrophe, contrast and interchange, impressive as a chorus in Sophocles.

But the attempts of our own Ritualists occurred to my thoughts; and these rites and vestments being their great original, I was tempted to consider their effect and meaning somewhat closely. In a late leader of the *Times* they say that one of the two great classes of youthful intelligence amongst us, the emotional, sentimental, and artistic, finds its gratification in the doctrines and ceremonies of the Roman Church. Now, theological discussion here being out of place, it is simply in due honour to emotion, and sentiment, and the artistic faculty that we would here (defensively) protest against them; the emotion and sentiment they bestir being vague and spurious, the Art flimsy and weak. Their effect, surely, to every mind imbued with the majesty of nature and Art must be trivial and tawdry, barbaric, and yet effeminate, utterly uncharacteristic of the apostolic times and character, and quite beneath harmony with the solemn masculine grace of the noblest mediæval architecture. And, secondly, with regard to the occult meaning, as a piece of symbolism, the ceremonial now going on, it may (in the same spirit of pure resistance) be allowably said, is, as certainly, the weakest, lamest, and most repugnant to true delicacy of feeling ever invented. "The priest in saying mass," explains a Romish catechism, "represents the person of Christ! and the mass itself represents his Passion; and therefore the priest puts on these vestments to represent those with which Christ was ignominiously clothed during his Passion. Thus, the amice represents the cloth with which the Jews muffled our Saviour's face when they struck him; the alb, the white garment put on him by Herod; the girdle, maniple, and stole, the cords with which he was bound; the chasuble, the garment of the mock king, on the back of which a cross represents that which our Saviour bore. These vestments, moreover, represent the virtues required in God's ministers: the amice, hope; the alb, innocence; the girdle, chastity; the maniple, patience; the stole, the yoke of Christ; and the chasuble, which covers the rest, charity"—here, by-the-by, confusedly represented as covering a multitude of virtues.

Of symbolism it may be said, generally, that its hieroglyphics, though serviceable in times without Art enough to represent things directly, become childish in an age of developed Art and knowledge, which, no longer to be put off with mere types and figurings, desires to know things, face to face, in their own moral and spiritual life. Symbolism is now reduced to a mere arabesque ornament, allowable as a pretty curiosity in framework and outer places, but when re-exalted further, a retrograde movement from substance to shadow, manhood to childhood. For then, where the heart should be enlightened, it only exercises the fancy, and perhaps but in its own ignorant conceits and frivolity, giving a pretty puzzle for a vital truth. It becomes as an embroidered curtain let down anew before the divinely opened heavens, to enclose us with priestliness, and so charm the eye with its dainty devices and fine needlework, that, by-and-by, the whole enchilded imagination is overrun by them, and between weak figures and sublime truths, lost in a puerile remediless confusion; no clear and disengaged conception being left for anything above.

But in matters, like this, for deep emotion, emblems noway suggesting the tenderness, wisdom, pathetic beauty, or any other vital essential of the object, must be rejected by the *intelligently* feeling mind, as heartlessly, frivolously hiding, not honouring it. I am solicitous to distinguish between a mere senseless barbaric hieroglyphic, and a poetical similitude such as is the noblest oblation that fancy can make to love. If, indeed, similitudes should have some feeling, enough vitality to seem to sympathise with their object, then, surely, nothing can be more unfortunately devised than this representation of our Saviour's sad ignominy, by these trim petticoats now held imminently over us; which it is impossible sometimes to help imagining may be, on high, contemplated as repeating the mockery rather than merely commemorating it, and under circumstances more subtly lamentable, more angel-mortifying; since the derelictions of a high-professing friend must be more so than the worst offences of an open foe. The essence and the outcome of all this is, of course, that "the priest" (in their own appalling words) "represents Christ," is exalted, himself, into the great living Emblem of emblems; and it is not with him a question of doctrines open to argument; but simply that to this *Priestliness* gravitates. Here alone can it find satisfaction, here alone can its unextinguishable craving for mystical supremacy be appeased.

Were not the very system one of theological puzzles and catches, of mystifications necessitating hierophants, it would be strange that in personating our Saviour, they should choose the rubbish of earthly pride thrust on him, nothing of his own; and furthermore that any appropriate conceptions of him at that moment should be even barred as much as possible by those utterly inexpressive uncharacteristic vestments. Can the most acceptant mind, in that back thus daintily embroidered, and moving about, indeed find a representation of the Son of Man in his humiliation? The answer is submitted as a maxim for Art. No: *Nothing but a noble object can represent a noble one; or a beautiful one, one beautiful; or a pathetic one anything sad, movingly.* A dead figure recalling merely a fact, or a person, in their externals, will but humour ignorance, and biassed fancy; and of such dead figures these before us are, surely, the topmost instances of all ever devised. These things, now obtruded on us once more, are, in a forced revival, but emblems of the love of power, the self-conceit, nonsense, and bad taste within, not of anything heavenly without: the resource, they are, of those whose moral sense is feeble, and sense of beauty low; else they would not, could not, centre their religion on such. May England's endeavours to brighten the conception of our Saviour ever have pure intelligence in them, and especially much reference to his heart-germinating, perhaps heart-creating precepts, sayings of miraculous force, which heal the crippled infirmities and blindness of the soul. When turned He his back thus to his congregation, muttering unintelligibly? Yet to this our Ritualists are drifting, away from their own brains, and from the English people; the cause in the least censurable cases being, most probably, weakness of moral perceptions and of imagination, which leaves religious feeling to puerile ecstasies, and idle fancies.

Except St. Peter's and the Basilicas, there is hardly a church in Rome which leaves any deep or very distinct impression. The ecclesiastical drawing-room, whose

gaudy effect is derived from upholstery rather than from architecture, the ecclesiastical repository of costly and sacred curiosities, where the most precious materials and objects seem muddled together into a dull heaviness of effect, are almost all that memory can call up for my reward after valuable time taken up in the prescribed routine of going through numbers of these edifices. The Basilicas, however, as the earliest Christian churches having claims to magnificence, are interesting, and yet not so much from any original beauty in the architecture, (for this was but rudely borrowed from the Roman Halls of Justice), as from their presenting the beginnings of the plan for the Christian place of worship fully carried out in the great mediæval cathedrals. To the many who seem unable to conceive anything divine except in an ecclesiastical shape, these fabrics are pre-eminently holy and interesting, being the very birthplaces of what they hold dearest. For here the priesthood in the fourth century, immediately after the emancipation from the catacombs, first devised their separation from the congregation, and their ensuing mystical exaltation. Here, chiefly from the old Roman paganism, and from Egyptian and Babylonian sources, they adapted those now threatened rites and vestments, commonly considered as of higher origin; and the simple presbytery, which remembered, perhaps, the divine saying that "the service of God is perfect freedom," was gradually narrowed into the Papacy.

A suburban drive including the most beautiful of these basilicas, *St. Paul's Without the Wall*, leads to it past objects which form a very appropriate introduction. You set out along the Appian Way, the most fashionable drive anciently, and still a road of ancient tombs. The noblest of them, the fair sepulchral tower of Metella, so exquisitely garlanded by Byron's muse, overlooks a part of the *Campagna* which forms a valley bounded by gentle hills, and traversed by a ruined aqueduct, the *via sacra* of the Naiads. It was a landscape, in its mild grey-green tints and extreme placidity, so Claude-like, as to convince us that we had found one of the favourite open-air studios of that gentle painter. On the slopes, little sprinklings of bright buildings, quiet as flocks of sheep, were all that told of Frascati, of Tusculum, or of the Alban towns: the landscape seemed to have forgotten its greatness. And on the other hand, the Coliseum, and St. Peter's, and other buildings of Rome dispersed low between quiet groves, and tufts of pine, wore a modest littleness of aspect; the bright air making them seem nearer than they were, and therefore less. There was a soft breeze; but with the wonted eagerness we sniffed it not; since it came with much of the remarkable odour of cemeteries. Underneath, the catacombs extend into the country for many a mile; and so, to the fancy, the smell here is much of the ancient Romans. Through the church of St. Sebastian's near this spot it was that we descended to one of these catacombs, and were led through its darkness by two dip candles mounted on long sticks. Rising and sinking, they pointed out the vaulting of the low and narrow passages, and paused at the little rocky shelves, where children were buried, or, anon, at some tiny chapel, the tomb of an illustrious martyr. In these hiding-places of the early Christians come we not to the very birthplace of those principles of mortified asceticism which have been one of the favourite and principal blights of our race?

And, indeed, in dark foul damps, when sunshine was discovery, and fresh air resounded with persecutors' footsteps, what but abject thoughts should prevail, extending themselves over the conceptions of heaven itself, and tinging, in idea, the divinest brows (as we see in the representations of early Christian Art) with the most melancholy hues of mortality. Through ecclesiastical ambition, and exclusively logical and geometrical theories of moral duty pursued by the theologian, in cave, and cloister, and unventilated library, adust, apart from those healthy influences which keep in mind human nature, and human powers (the sole true measure of our duties), morbid ideas of this kind have been renewed and systemised; but in these Roman catacombs, probably, earth-damps, putrid exhalations, and darkness, were the true grandparents of them. The priest, whose miserable dirt-seamed face was one of the chief objects to which our twin candle-ends every now and then descended, seemed a true son of these subterranean superstitions. His smile (for at last he did smile, on his *mezzo scudo* gratuity) died away with a look of painful sourness; as though a smile were not merely "clean again rules," but really something utterly vain and foolish.

On issuing, nearly at once, from these earth-holes of the early Christians into the Basilica of *San Paolo fuori le Mura*, one of the most magnificent temples ever raised by Christianity, there was the most vivid illustration of her rise from extreme worldly lowliness to what one may be sometimes almost tempted to consider an excess of affluence. Suddenly, after an interval of almost rural quietness, we found ourselves in a vast hall (for that is perhaps the most graphic term), flat-roofed, with long perspectives of great columns having Corinthian capitals. Marbles rich of hue deepen here and there; and gilded panelling glimmers along the ceiling; but the prevalent tone is an exquisite pale grey of almost a watery effect, it may be said; for these columns with all the rest, so delicate and fair of hue, are mirrored in the polished floor, as in some clear pool—the limpid *impluvium* of some great Flavian or Ulpian hall, built by some virtuous Roman emperor; the magnificent structure bearing an unmistakable impress of stately and serene beneficence. And, indeed, its prototype was the great Basilica of Trajan, the prince for whose release from purgatory Gregory the Great prayed, and successfully, when noticing a monument of his nearly Christian graciousness, in which he is represented as alighting to a female suppliant, who would not be put off to an audience on his return from the wars. The architectural defects here are not obtrusive in the general effect. The eye and mind range unchecked; no paltry incumbrances stopping both, as in St. Peter's. It is a place for fine untrammelled contemplations. To my feeling, the morbid grimness of the old mosaic apse, with its figures of the true catacomb ghostliness, however fine its green-golden glistenings, is at variance with the Christian spirit, as also with the architecture. But only turn from this piece of early Latinity, so dear to the ecclesiologist, and the rest of that peerless Hall seems, in its vesperian glorification, worthy to be the vestibule of Michael the Archangel. I mean when, as we saw it in our first visit, the evening sun seemed melting away into a warm radiance all the southern windows—was tinging the pale vista of lucid granite columns with his loveliest hues, of which their material is exquisitely

susceptible; and what with rose and golden glistenings, and fair, pearly, purpureal shadowings, the whole looked as if fashioned of opal, quite angelically.

The vesper solitude, when we were there, seemed expecting—one knows not what, or whom, to enter. For the present, however, there was but one dark little figure moving about, and ever and anon bending, as if performing some exacted penance with lowliest humility; but it was only a man whose function it is to wander with a rag, and mop up the saliva which even the pious do not hesitate to scatter freely around on this purest and most limpid of vast floorings. Moving thus about, like Wordsworth's "Leech Gatherer" over the dreary moors, he presented a lonely and melancholy image to the thoughts.

The old basilica having been burnt in 1822, has been restored on the former general plan, (nearly that of the old St. Peter's,) but more magnificently; even infidel and schismatic princes contributing precious and beautiful materials: the Czar great slabs of malachite; King George IV., Cornish shafts of granite polished even more exquisitely than himself—a royal pillar of much unworthiness; Mehemet Ali supplying columns of oriental alabaster to uphold the very shrine itself. It is certainly the most magnificent interior I ever saw; the splendour being of a refined Art-chastened character; the coloured marbles arranged with consummate taste, not lavished indiscriminately, but enshrined for special ornament, with an impressive reserve, a reverent economy, where their colour and shadows are wanted for the general effect. Here you look at a simple panel of rose-antique, transcendent for sanguineous colour mellowed (worthy of itself to be alone Titian's monument), almost as you would at some precious picture. A pale lucid column interfused with amber foam, like a silver wave just catching the sunset, and worthy of Panope's pavilion, you contemplate with pretty much of the reverence worthy of some fair statue. Their fitness for their place exalts them quite into fine works of Art. As St. Peter's well exemplifies how these most beautiful materials may be lavished into mere dull heaviness of effect, St. Paul's is perhaps the finest instance of how by a judicious reserve and harmonies of colour, and above all, by some consideration for chiar-oscuro—i.e. by an arrangement of their lights and shadows in subordination to those of the architecture—they may be disposed so as to emphasise what is good in the structure, and in themselves become a feast of harmonised colour, which, in its very blankness, stirs the imagination. For this marmorean reticence hints of things reserved with which the highest Art alone has affinity: or, rather, here are tablets that seem awaiting the pens of angels, or calling on us to inscribe in imagination our noblest sentiment, with a prayer that we may give it additional life.

And here, how well are we reminded that ornament should be subordinate and modestly ministrant to the thing adorned; that there is no true magnificence without a broad basis of repose, and contrast of simplicity; that an ostentation of costly things even in holiest places is barbaric, nay, vulgar; and that instead of being squandered into commonness, they should in their very reserve and eminent position, as well as in their splendours, have an air of precious rarity! But this queenship of beauty over costliness, is, in Christian churches, especially requisite, to redeem

from their evil associations Mammon's adopted materials, which of themselves have nothing in unison with simple human-hearted Christianity, and recall, rather, principalities and powers, which have warped the very Gospel for their own detestable purposes. Probably this last reflection was bestirred by the repulsive colossi here of St. Peter with the keys with which they have locked up truth, and St. Paul with the sword our Saviour so emphatically prohibits; for, notwithstanding the intention simply to memorise martyrdom through its instrument, the air of the latter figure is that of an inflictor rather than a sufferer. Indeed, the two look exceedingly like statues of Dogmatic Tyranny and Ecclesiastical Power; the pompous inquisitorial hardness of the St. Paul being pre-eminently disagreeable.

But, meanwhile, living beings were approaching more worthy of the scene than that dark little functionary with the rag, who was still plying his profoundly emblematical vocation in the magnificent architectural solitude. A cardinal, announced, emphasised, annotated by his red cap, was coming to pay his devotions. An attendant placed him a cushion; and his two embroidered footmen following, just crooked their knees behind him with ridiculous effect, and then retiring a little, stood waiting—not with that fashionable air of weariness which distinguishes those English equivalents of theirs, whose magnificent calves (depastured on asparagus, white soups, and cold game), light up our Belgravian vestibules. No: these were an old-fashioned sort, with laced liveries too long for them, and seeming to belong to the lumbering old carriage equipage of *Suo Eminentissimo*, rather than to themselves personally, and with feet more splay, ankles less filling out their stockings. For, indeed, menial life is here less *distingué* than with us, and often in meagre and shabby servants' establishments is left to depend chiefly on presents. Long his Eminence knelt, a delightfully picturesque figure, certainly, in his red cap, and cloak of violet-grey falling in soft folds, reminding one of fine things in Raphael's "Miracle of Bolsena," moving his lips only, rapidly, and his hands as if washing them. Some fluent, calm, and very copious narrative, he seemed imparting. By-and-by came in six great-girlish young priests, or novices, in ample black gowns, and dropped on their knees in pairs at a meek distance behind him, with consummate adroitness of kneeling. Lightly they alighted, like crows on the upturned arable; but motionless, silently, stiffly, they knelt, with no other symptoms of prayer. No picture could be more motionless; the lips and hands of the cardinal excepted; till after a very long while, the young priests all at once rose, with a momentary flutter of their ample gowns, and following their own leader, made off to that most resplendent pavilion where St. Paul's head is ideally preserved; and there they made another picture, silent, moveless, consummate. At last, the Cardinal rose, and followed by his purple menials, waddled away along the vista of opalescent columns, now in the evening light, in their rosiest brightness. But he, a pasty, dark-complexioned man, looked as if his veins were heavy with the oil of worldly astuteness. Faith in Lavater and in him were incompatible; and the reflection was, that if (as I was told), he is one of the chief ministers of the temporal power, it were very well that his going out should be typical.

W. P. BAYLEY.

## PHYSIOLOGY OF BINOCULAR VISION.

## STEREOSCOPIC AND PSEUDOSCOPIC ILLUSIONS.

BY A. CLAUDET, F.R.S.

THE stereoscope, invented by Wheatstone, has been the means of illustrating the principle of binocular vision, and explaining the cause of the wonderful sensation it produces. It has proved that there is no exact appreciation of distances except by the combined comparative perception of two eyes, and the constant play of the optic axes converging proportionately on the various points of vision. From the name given by Wheatstone to his instrument, which means to "see a solid," the effect produced has been called "stereoscopic." But although there is a kind of relief which can be obtained by monocular vision when we look at natural objects or their artificial representations—for the latter it is even stronger than when we look at such single picture with two eyes—this kind of relief is the result of the proportions given by perspective, and by the distribution of lights and shades upon solids, or by artificial means imitating these natural effects. It is now generally understood in scientific parlance, that the particular and distinct effect produced by the comparison of two perspectives, either natural or artificial, united by binocular vision, is called "stereoscopic;" while the greatest illusion of solidity which can be obtained by monocular vision, or by binocular vision upon a single perspective picture, is simply called "relief."

These two effects are very different, and cannot be confounded or taken one for the other. Yet, from want of comparative experiments, and of sufficiently understanding the physiology of binocular vision, it happens too often that persons even of general scientific abilities imagine that it is possible to obtain, or produce, the stereoscopic effect without the essential conditions which constitute it. They constantly mistake "relief" for "stereoscopic illusion." It is therefore important that these conditions should be fully explained and understood, in order to prevent henceforth any misconception or confusion, and also to eradicate all erroneous notions.

But we must enter into a series of numerous and complicated experiments, both analytic and synthetic, in order to render the stereoscopic effect, as it were, "materially tangible" to our senses; for without this method it would be as impossible to arrive at the true comprehension of the effect, as it is to a blind man to have an idea of colours, and the least conception of their nature, from any kind of description.

When we look with two eyes at objects A, B, C, D (Fig. 1), situated on several planes in the space before us, we are obliged, in order to obtain distinct and single vision of any of these points, to converge the optic axes precisely on each point; for all the points not coinciding at the meeting of the optic axes, fall on dissimilar parts of the two retinas, and there form double and distinct images.

The existence of these double images for all the points upon which we do not precisely bring our attention—which double images are more and more horizontally separated as the objects are more and more distant either before or behind the point of single vision—is one of the characteristic and influential facts connected with binocular vision; and although we do not habitually think that we take notice of these double images, still their existence on the retina, unconsciously to us, produces a certain sensation on the mind which contributes considerably to the perception of the stereoscopic effect. Therefore the gradual increase of the horizontal separation of the double images as the objects are farther and farther before or behind the point of single vision, and the decrease of their separation as the objects are nearer and nearer to that point until they coincide, indicate the situation of the various planes and the distances of the objects from the point of single vision. So that the sensation of distances—the principal cause of which is the alteration of the convergence of the optic axes—is increased by the effect of the double images of all the objects which are not situated on the plane of convergence. These double images, let it be remarked, exist also with the photographic slides examined in the stereoscope; and although we do not notice them very conspicuously, still they contribute to bring out the stereoscopic illusion in all its force. One of the particular effects of the double image is, that any object—a pole, for instance—does not hide for each eye the same object, or part of any object, which may be behind; hence we feel that the pole must be distant from the object. This is a test of distance which is incompatible with monocular vision; as, for one eye, all the objects seem superposed or close to each other: there is no space between them.

The most effective means of binocular sensation is that which arises from the necessity of directing the optic axes exactly on the point we want to examine; therefore it must be remarked that the angle of convergence diminishes as the object is more and more distant, and increases as the object is less and less distant. From the constant and rapid play of convergence of the optic axes, we acquire the habit of judging of all the distances of objects by the angle of convergence required to give a single and perfect vision of them.

But let it not be supposed we should pretend that, as mathematicians might do, we actually compare and measure the angles of convergence,—not by any means; for their various changes take place unconsciously to us, just as we do not know to what extent, when, how, and why, we exert the muscles by which we move our arms and legs. But the action of the muscles of the eyes, by which a certain degree of convergence is adapted to every distance, produces a certain physiological sensation that, being always the same for every particular distance, becomes invariably associated with it; and communicates to the mind the judgment of the distance for which each one separately necessitates a certain angle of convergence. Therefore the stereoscopic effect is manifested through the sensation which is produced by the rapid and incessant movement of the optic axes, while they converge alternately and consecutively upon the various planes on which natural objects are situated, or upon their representations by photography—when two images of these objects have been taken respectively at the perspective natural to each eye; in which case, as for the natural perspective, the optic axes are in constant action to direct their convergence upon the similar points of every plane of the two pictures.

Without alteration of the degree of convergence of the optic axes, there cannot exist that real sensation of distances which is called stereoscopic effect, and which is only a physiological phenomenon belonging exclusively to binocular vision.

In looking at two pictures superposed, whether they are identical or taken at different angles, or in looking at two identical or monocular pictures in the stereoscope, there is no illusion of stereoscopic effect; because all the similar points of the two pictures being equally separated, the optic axes remain all the while fixed at the same angle of convergence, whatever part or plane of the flat picture we examine. The fact is, that in such cases, by the unnatural fixity of the angle of convergence, which ought to change continually while we peruse the various imaginary planes of the image, the objects appear less in relief, or less separated, than when we look only with one eye; for when we look with a single eye on a single perspective picture, we have precisely the same sensation as we have when looking at natural objects with a single eye, and our mind is satisfied; but if we look with the two eyes, always keeping the same angle of convergence, we feel a deficiency in the sensation, and that deficiency destroys the idea of distance. While the two eyes converge their

axes invariably upon the surface of the picture, there is an irresistible tendency in the mind to feel that all the various imaginary planes are exactly upon that surface; and therefore, in spite of ourselves, we see the surface, and discover (if we may be allowed to use such an unscientific expression) the trick of the painter to produce the illusion of relief.

We may compare the cause which makes us judge of distances by the action of the optic axes, to the cause which makes a blind man judge of distances by the feeling of his hand, in extending the arm more or less according to the distance of the object he touches. The effort and time required to reach an object are in his mind the exact measure of its distance. It is precisely the same thing with the visual rays on the optic axes, which by the degree of convergence are extended—like the arm of the blind man—according to the distance of the object upon which we direct our attention. Therefore the length or extension of the visual rays, like the extension of the arm, conveys to the mind the comparative measure of all the distances. The effort of the muscles of the arm to reach, and the effort of the muscles of the eyes, to feel the object, have both the same physiological effect on our senses. In both cases we really touch the objects; and in vision, when we touch the objects, they all take their respective places, like chessmen distributed on the board.

The proof that the distance is indicated by the degree of convergence by which we obtain a single and distinct vision, is manifest from the fact that when we change artificially the angle of convergence to see at the same distance, that distance is, as it were, changed—following the new and unnatural angle of convergence. This change of convergence may be effected, among several ways, by two thin glass prisms (about 10 or 12°), which in one way—when the two

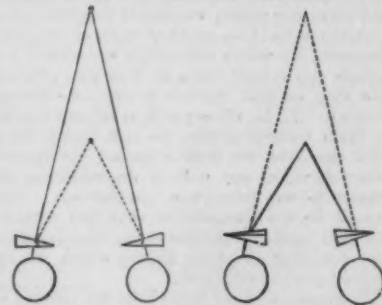


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

thin edges are turned to each other (Fig. 2)—by their refractive power, converge the visual rays more than is natural, which makes the distance of the object appear smaller; and in the other way—when the thick edges of the prisms are turned towards each other (Fig. 3)—by their counteracting the convergence of the visual rays, makes the distance of the object appear greater: because in both cases we have no other means of judging the distance than the degree of convergence by which we are accustomed to obtain a single vision of them.

But there is a still stronger proof that the appreciation of distances is only the result of the angle of convergence; and this proof is beautifully illustrated by the phenomenon of the "Pseudoscope," another invention of Wheatstone's, which consists in an instrument composed of two right-angle reflecting prisms.

If we look with a pseudoscope (Fig. 4) at a concave half sphere, it appears like a solid sphere; a sphere will appear concave, a cameo like an intaglio, and an intaglio like a cameo; the inside of a conic tube like a projecting solid cone: all appreciations of projections or recesses are reversed. To understand the cause of such an extra-

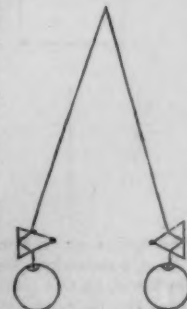


Fig. 4.

ordinary phenomenon, we must examine what happens when in this manner we look at natural objects through two reflecting prisms. It is that, by the reflection of the prisms, the image



of each perspective is inverted on the retina; so that the two perspectives diverge, instead of converging, on the same point, as they naturally do in the normal process of vision. The similar points of the first planes,  $n, n'$  (Fig. 5)—measuring their respective distances from one retina to the other, as if we were measuring them on a stereoscopic slide with a pair of compasses—are more separated one from the other than the similar points of the farther planes, and the similar points of the farthest planes,  $c, c'$ , are more separated than the first; so that, contrary to the natural course, in order to obtain a single vision, we must converge the optic axes more to bring the similar points of the further planes of the two images on the centre of both retinas, and less for the first planes.

Now, as we judge of the distances by the habit of the sensation arising from the degree of convergence—what is distant appears near, and what is near appears distant—our perceptions are entirely reversed; and instead of a “stereoscopic effect,” we have a false sensation or a conversion of relief, which is called the “pseudoscopic effect.” A supposition founded on a reasoning quite logical will easily prove that we judge of distances only by the habitual sensation which is inculcated on our mind by every degree of convergence necessary to produce single vision of any object. Then, supposing that nature, or our nurse, had added to each eye a reflecting and inverting prism, we should inevitably have acquired with them another mode of judging of distances, by which ultimately we should have rightly appreciated them in their true relations. We may go still further to complete the supposition. If, in after years, suddenly deprived of these natural prisms, we had looked simply with the eyes, we should see all the distances reverted, as, in our normal organisation, they appear to us through a pseudoscope. There cannot be the least doubt that this would be the case, and the argument must be decisive in corroborating the true theory which we have endeavoured to establish.

Phenomena of the same kind are evinced and illustrated by bringing on the centre of both retinas two objects or designs perfectly similar, such as two circles, two squares, or two vertical lines (Fig. 6). This may be done by converging

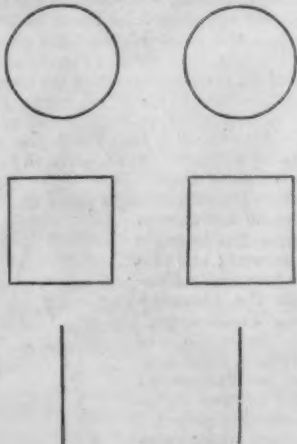


Fig. 6.

the optic axes on a point before the plane where these geometrical figures are represented; for instance, on the point of a pencil held at about half the distance between the surface and our eyes. In that position of the optic axes we squint, for the figures gradually unfold the double images, naturally united, until we see four; but there is a degree of squinting, by which one left figure is united with a right one. Then

we see three vertical pairs of them, the middle one of which, being the compound of the two, is stereoscopic. Every one of these middle pictures is no longer a mere drawing traced on the paper; they are like real, substantial, and tangible bodies, separated from the surface, and, as it were, suspended in the air, just at the distance where the point of the pencil was held. There, with the same point, we may, as it were, touch them, or pass the point above or behind them, as all round real bodies. Nothing can more curiously and better illustrate what is meant by stereoscopic effect; the illusion is complete and particular, and so different from any illusion of pictorial relief which can be obtained by a single picture seen by one or two eyes, that they cannot be confounded. It is impossible to be familiar with the true and real stereoscopic effect without repeated experiments of this kind, but the last mentioned may be sufficient to determine its character on our mind.

We may describe another experiment which illustrates the phenomenon in a most forcible manner. If placed in the middle of a room, the paper of which is covered with repeated designs of the same pattern, we look at our finger, and while the optic axes are kept converging on the finger, we try to bring our attention on the paper behind, it happens that one of the rows of similar designs is represented on the centre of the retina of one eye, and the next row on the centre of the retina of the other eye; and the designs being identical, they coalesce and form by their coincidence a single image on our mind. By removing the finger, and continuing to look at the paper on the wall without altering the angle of convergence, we do what is called “squinting inside” for the paper hanging, and we see a continued regular design of all the rows superposed; and as a further proof of our theory, the paper appears, not at the distance where it really is, but on the very plane where our finger was. In fact, it seems that we can actually touch the paper, because the optic axes, instead of converging on the wall, converge on the plane where the finger was before. This illusion is accompanied with another very curious effect, the cause of which we shall presently explain, resulting in the singular phenomenon that the designs or patterns appear considerably smaller than they really are, and that apparent reduction of size proves again that the degree of convergence is the measure of all distances.

If, instead of converging the optic axes before the object, we converge them behind, for instance, as looking through a railing, at a point behind it, different but similar bars of the railing will coincide on the centre of both the retinas, and their coincidence will form a regular railing while we endeavour to keep the optic axes converging on the point behind; this is called “squinting outside.”

The two modes of squinting afford another way of illustrating the sensation of distances by the degree of convergence. If, looking at an ordinary stereoscopic slide,  $L, L'$  (Fig. 7), we con-

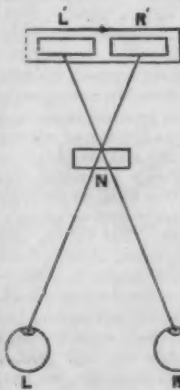


Fig. 7.

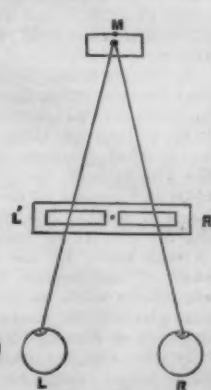


Fig. 8.

verge the optic axes on a point nearer at  $n$ , we squint inside, and the effect is pseudoscopic. If we converge the optic axes on a point behind, at  $n'$  (Fig. 8), we squint outside, and the effect is stereoscopic. By these two ways of squinting,

we bring the two pictures on the centre of the retina, and we have a single vision of them.

The pseudoscopic effect in the first experiment is produced, because, in squinting inside, we change the order of the perspectives, bringing the right perspective  $n'$  on the left eye  $L$ , and the left perspective  $L'$  on the right eye  $R$ , and, as with the reflecting prisms of the pseudoscope before mentioned, in order to bring consecutively the similar parts of the two images on the centre of the retina, we reverse the order of the degrees of convergence.

The stereoscopic effect in the second experiment is produced, because, in squinting outside, that is converging the optic axes on  $n'$ , we bring the two perspectives on their corresponding eye  $L'$  on  $L$ , and  $n'$  on  $R$ , and the play of convergence takes place as in natural vision. Those who can acquire with a little practice the facility of squinting outside, have the advantage of examining the slide without instrument, and the whole effect is exceedingly beautiful.

We have remarked that when we squint inside we have the pseudoscopic illusion by looking at ordinary slides, but if we divide them, as they are before being mounted, and reverse the order of their perspective, placing the right on the left and the left on the right, then we obtain the stereoscopic effect.

All these various experiments are very conclusive, but we can add the observation of a very curious phenomenon further illustrating the law by which the degree of convergence determines the distances of objects, which is, that when we obtain the single vision by squinting inside, the objects appear smaller, while they appear larger by squinting outside.

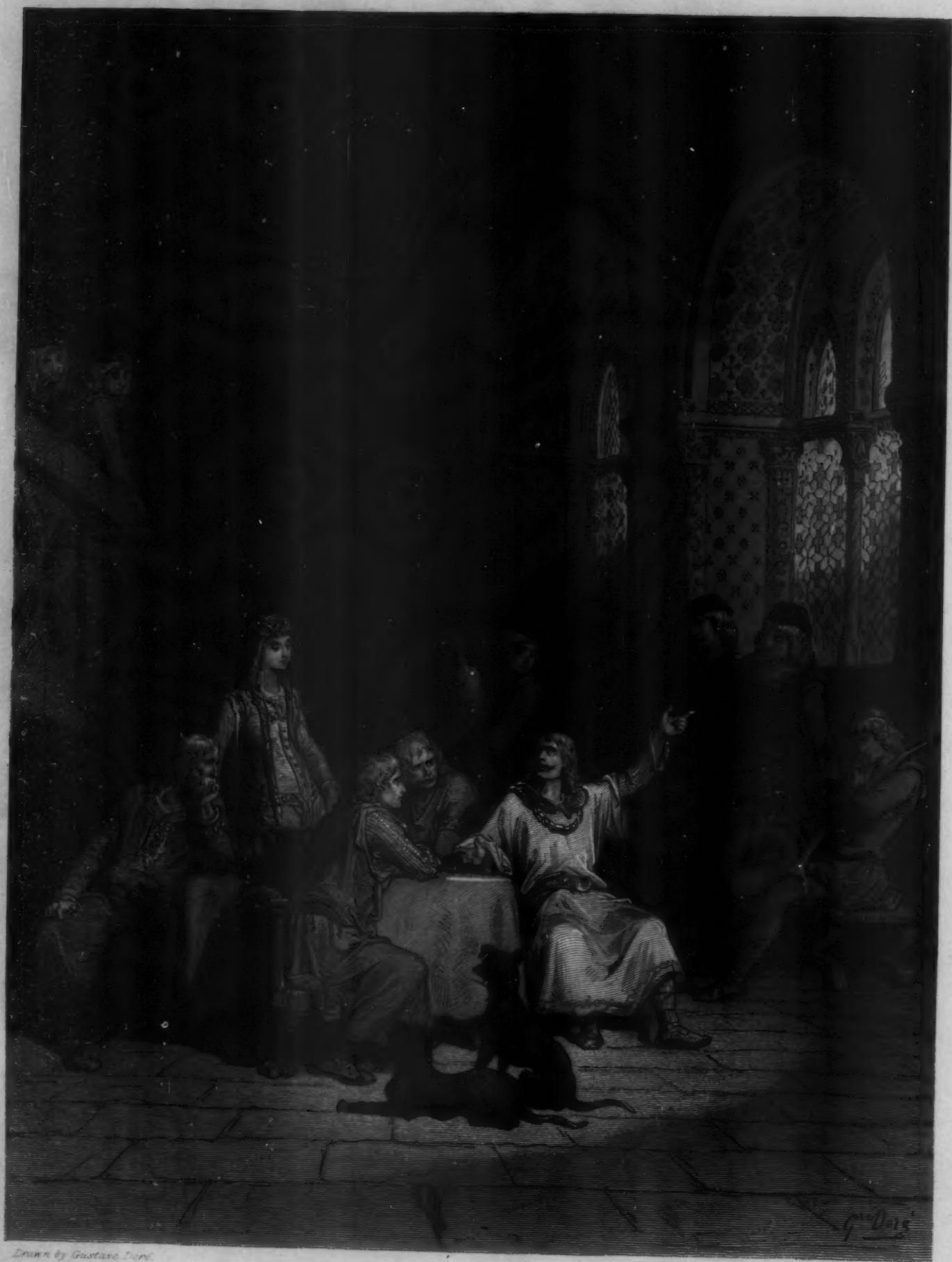
The reason of this anomaly is, that as the degree of convergence forcibly indicates the distance, and as the degree of convergence in squinting inside is greater than in squinting outside, in the first case the objects appear nearer than in the second case, but as the objects remain of the same size in both cases on the retina, the difference in the apparent size results from our knowledge and expectation, that an object more distant than another object of the same size, must appear smaller, and *vice versa*; but as they remain equal on the retina, the more distant therefore is larger than it ought to be, and the nearest is smaller; consequently the deception of distances is unavoidably accompanied with a deception in the size of objects.

We cannot fail to observe how complicated the whole question is, and that it is impossible rightly to understand the physiology of binocular and stereoscopic vision, without going through these various series and forms of experiment, and it is only by the constant and careful comparison of all the effects produced, that we can really arrive at the true conception of the phenomenon.

Surely no one, after having studied the subject, will ever pretend that the stereoscopic effect can be produced with a single eye, or by a single picture of any nature or composition, seen with one or two eyes, or by two similar pictures intended for the stereoscope, or by two dissimilar pictures superposed either by printing the two negatives on the same surface, or by projecting them with two magic lanterns on the same screen.

To obtain the stereoscopic effect it is imperatively required that the two pictures corresponding with the two perspectives of binocular vision should be examined, each “exclusively” and “separately,” by “one eye,” in such a manner that the optic axes should have their full and natural play of convergence, according to the distance of every plane of the pictures which are to be examined, and finally, to obtain the stereoscopic effect of natural objects or their representations, and to see their real and comparative distances, we must look at them with two sound eyes. Persons blind with one eye cannot judge accurately of distances, except to a certain extent, by comparison of dimensions, and by the effects of light and shade; and in their monocular organisation they will never be able, rapidly and without hesitation, for instance, rightly to snuff a candle, or to touch the end of a wire suspended from the ceiling, in the middle of the room, as we can at once, so easily and so effectually, do with two good



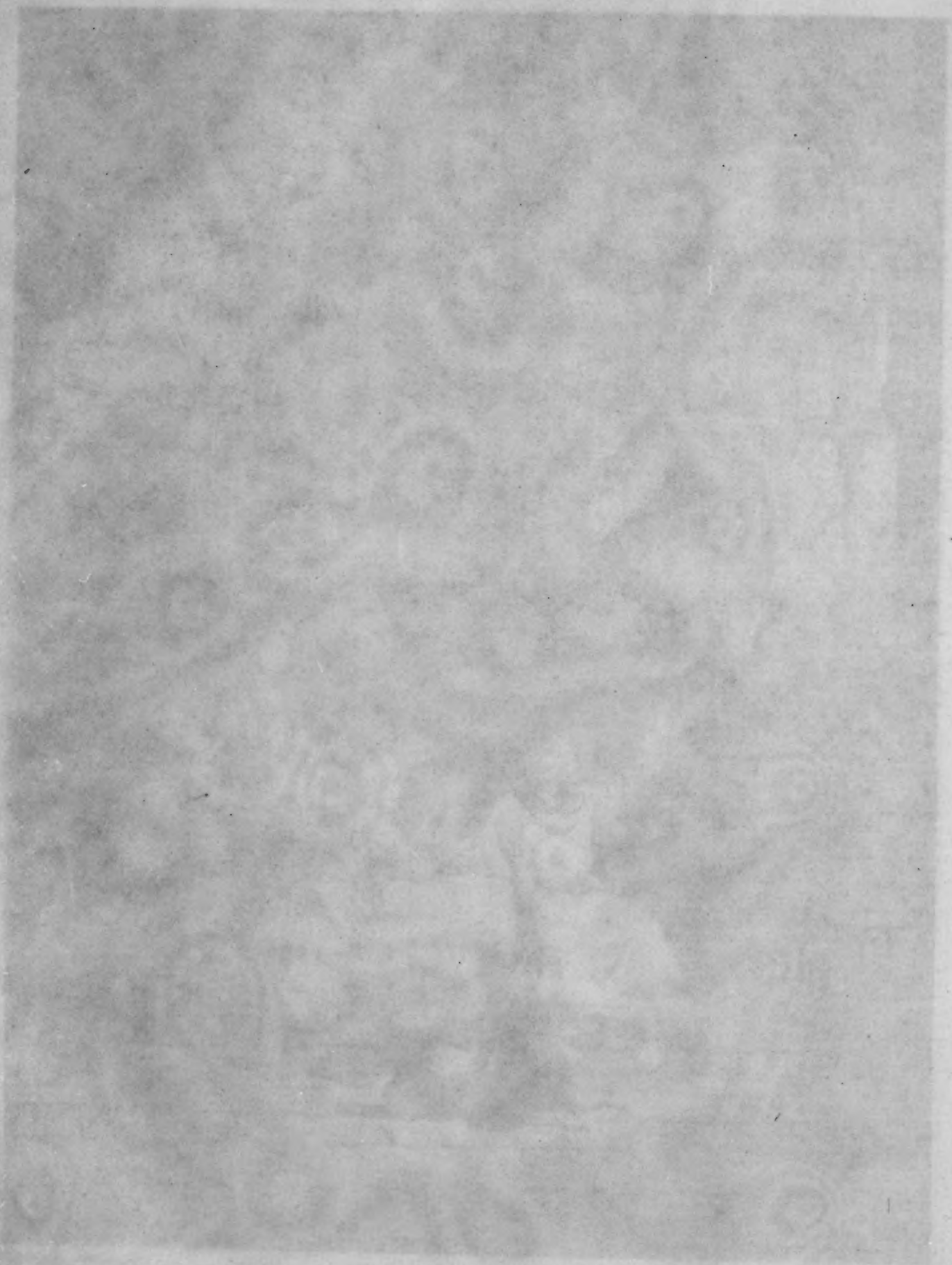


*Drawn by Gustave Doré.*

*Engraved by J. Robinson.*

ELAINE.





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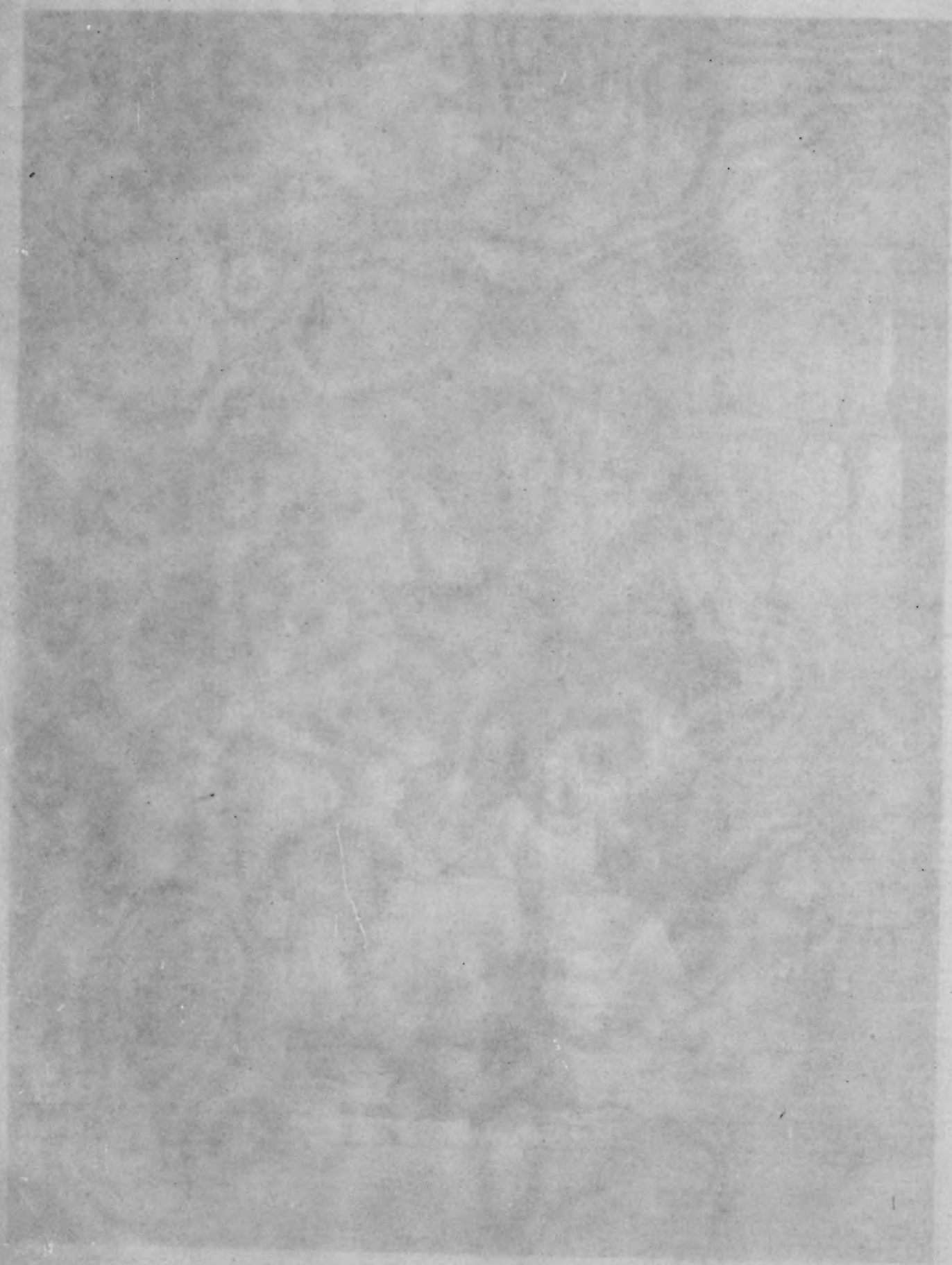
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whole foreground without interfering with the effect of softened light. The background is as tender and misty as the falling dews of a summer evening can render a passage of near landscape.

In the sixth engraving, by Baker, Elaine is seen on the road from Camelot to the cave where Sir Lancelot lies wounded after the joust for the great diamond:—

"Then rose Elaine and glided through the fields,  
So day by day she past  
In either twilight, ghost-like to and fro,  
Gliding."

The composition of this design, as regards the landscape, is not unlike that in which the hero of the story is represented on his road to Astolat,—except that the foreground, where the "fair lily" of the castle is partially seated on a bank, is less wooded, and a tiny rivulet trickles and sparkles through the glen. The face of Elaine is turned upwards, as if asking from Heaven strength for the ordeal she is undergoing; but the figure is unnaturally tall, a fault which rather derogates from the excellence of a picture that would otherwise be most impressive as a scene of solitude and wild luxuriance. Such peculiarities of drawing are natural to the French school of design, where tragedy always assumes a "gigantesque" form.

We come next to an engraving, by Baker, where Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine take final leave of their sister. They have conveyed her dead body to the boat, and placed it therein according to the instructions she gave:—

"So these two brethren from the chariot took,  
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,  
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung  
The silken case with braided blazonings."

While the two young knights, locked in each other's arms, stand weeping on the brink of the river, the "dumb old servitor" pushes the boat from the banks, on one side of which, at a short distance, are the towers and walls of a part of the castle, and on the opposite side a thickly wooded eminence, both bathed in the soft effulgence of an early summer morning. As an engraving, this is, to our minds, the most beautiful in the series; every passage is exquisitely finished, and the effect of atmosphere is most skilfully and delicately wrought.

The eighth illustration, engraved by W. Holl, represents an interior of King Arthur's palace, an apartment into which the body of Elaine has been carried, and is supported in a half-seated position, while Arthur, surrounded by the queen and her ladies, Lancelot, and a host of other knights, reads the letter which he has taken from the hand of the dead maiden:—

"Thus he read,  
And ever in the reading lords and dames  
Wept, looking often from his face who read  
To hers which lay so silent."

The artist has thrown his principal lights on the figures of Elaine and those who support her, thus concentrating the "point" of the picture on the object which would most probably interest the spectator. The king stands almost in front of them; his costume, as well as the head of Lancelot, who stands with gaze intently fixed on the corpse of her who loved him not "wisely, but too well," catch some rays of the light as they pass on to rest on the group before them. The queen has her back turned to the spectator, but her head to Elaine, and among the crowd of knights and nobles are some whose faces, bent angrily on the faithless wife of the monarch, testify to their knowledge of her guilty passion, and would attribute to it the death of the "lily maid of Astolat."

The last engraving, by Baker, is entitled 'The Remorse of Lancelot.' Arthur's confidence in, and love of, the bravest of the Knights of the Round Table, have not been shaken by anything he has seen; and Lancelot's explanation of the matter between Elaine and himself has placed him beyond suspicion: the king, of course, is entirely ignorant of the queen's affection for the valiant knight. But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and Lancelot's conscience rises up to bear witness against him of sins committed. As the monarch and his court return from the "gorgeous obsequies"

of Elaine, the former addresses his favourite knight in loving and re-assuring language:—

"And Lancelot answered nothing, but he went,  
And at the running of a little brook  
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd  
The high reed wave."

The composition of this subject is simple, and merely follows the text, almost literally, in the foreground. Some distance up the river the old retainer of the knight of Astolat is returning to the castle, seen a little further on.

We have thus given a description, though one brief and inadequate, of each of these illustrations, as a tribute to the genius of an artist who, in undertaking to furnish designs for one of the most graceful and striking poems of the Laureate, has entered upon ground which must have been altogether new to him. Tennyson's language is not easy of translation into a foreign tongue, but in some way or other Doré has managed to catch the spirit of the theme before him, and to embody it in these nine most attractive drawings, so full of feeling, of rich thought, and delicate expression. The book is a noble volume, of which both poet and artist may be proud; and we are not in the least surprised to know that its rapid sale testifies to the public appreciation of it. The engravers, one and all, have done their work well, but as Mr. Baker has had the lion's share of the labour, so is he entitled to the lion's share of commendation. Mr. Brooker, who we believe printed the plates, has a claim to a word of praise for the extremely careful manner in which he has executed his task, and under the disadvantages of limited time—some of the plates coming very late into his hands—and of extensive demand, to enable the publishers to issue their book before the close of the year just passed away; and Messrs. Moxon may be congratulated on the result of a bold speculation, one in every way so completely satisfactory.

The happy idea of getting Doré to illustrate Tennyson's beautiful poem originated with Mr. J. Bertrand Payne, F.R.S.L., who edited the volume, and gave valuable aid to the artist, inasmuch as Doré's ignorance of our language, without some such judicious interpreter, would have entailed difficulties in the way of effectively illustrating the work, not otherwise readily surmounted. The Emperor of the French has accepted the dedication of a French version, and we understand that Mr. Payne is preparing to superintend the issue of a translation into the Spanish, German, Italian, and Swedish languages respectively. Doré, we hear, has in hand illustrations to the three other Idylls.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

SIR,—In common with many artists who have enjoyed the advantages of the British Institution as a means of communication with the public, I ask to put on record in your pages the regret with which it is feared the present exhibition may be the last. The British Institution was founded in 1806, by a number of noblemen and gentlemen of well-known taste and liberality, among whom were the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir G. Beaumont, Lord Lowther, Sir F. Baring, Mr. Thomas Hope, &c.; and when it is remembered, that from that date to the present—sixty-one years—an annual exhibition of modern British works has been uninterruptedly maintained among the contributors, in which are a large number of names now ranking as the most distinguished of our school, it will readily be felt with what regret many must view its probable close, and the termination of advantages it offered. For it was not merely an exhibition room for the display and sale of pictures; for the exhibitions of the works of the old masters, chiefly from the collections of the Directors, afforded a field for the study of the highest class of works, an opportunity presented by no other Art-body in the country.

But may it not be asked, is it imperative that the Institution, in its present form, should

cease, because the lease of its premises is now just expiring? The property having to be sold, the option of retaining possession, except by purchase, no longer rests with the Directors; but, supposing it should not be bought by them, could not the objects of its founders be still carried out on other premises, and thus avert the impending loss to Art and its followers?

The Exhibition of the British Institution is the only one in London where the sale of pictures is not the source of personal profit to its managers; and considering the want of exhibition space in London, especially space not distributed by interested artist-members, and the opportunity of patronage and publicity the Institution has afforded to a large proportion of rising artists, I am sure its close would be regretted by many, who with pride date their earliest successes from the patronage it brought them, and the advantages of study the collections of the old masters threw open to all.

AN EXHIBITOR AT THE "BRITISH."

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A document has appeared, which contains an analysis of the pictures in the galleries of the Louvre. Among the two thousand works that hang there are twelve attributed to Raffaele, three to Correggio, eighteen to Titian, thirteen to Paolo Veronese, forty-two to Rubens, twenty-two to Vandyck, seventeen to Rembrandt, eleven to Gerard Douw, eleven to Murillo, and six to Velasquez. Of the French school of painting forty are assumed to be by the two Poussins, sixteen by Claude, forty-one by Joseph Vernet, and one only by Watteau.

ROME.—Professor Jerichau is in this city, executing three groups in marble for England. The first, the bridal gift of the large landowners of Denmark to the Princess of Wales, and a cast of which is at Marlborough House, represents Adam awakening and finding for the first time Eve by his side; the second, Women surprised while Bathing, has been ordered by the Princess of Wales; and the third, a Huntsman attacked by a Panther whose Cub he has taken, by Sir Francis Goldsmid. A cast of the last-mentioned work was in the International Exhibition of 1861, and is engraved in the *Art-Journal* Catalogue of that undertaking.

CANADA.—Mr. Bell Smith, who was for fourteen years Secretary and Trustee to the National Institution of Fine Arts, Portland Gallery, London, is now in Montreal. We have recently seen in his studio at A. J. Pell's a clever and faithful water-colour portrait of the Hon. A. T. Galtz.—The City Council of Quebec has voted one hundred dollars (£20 sterling) towards the erection of a monument in Mount Hermon Cemetery to the memory of the late Lieut. Baines, R.A., who died from injuries received whilst heroically helping to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate victims of the late dreadful fire.—Marble of superior quality is being extracted from a quarry opened at Point-a-la-Carriolle, in the district of Saguenay.—The Volunteer Monument Committee at Toronto, of which the Rev. Dr. McCaul is chairman, advertised some time since for plans and specifications for a monument to be erected in that city in memory of the brave volunteers who fell in the battle of Ridgeway. Several designs were sent in by the leading architects of the province. After deliberation the committee determined to award the first two prizes of two hundred dollars and one hundred dollars (£40 and £20) severally to Messrs. Zollicoffer of Ottawa and Smith of Toronto.

BOSTON, U.S.—A model of 'The Freedmen's Monument to Abraham Lincoln' has been set up for exhibition in the Art-Gallery of the Boston Athenæum. It recently arrived from Italy, and is the last work and the masterpiece of Miss Harriet Hosmer. It will be 60 feet in height, and the base 60 feet square. The architectural work will be of New England granite; the figures, the ornaments, and the bas-reliefs of bronze. It will cost a quarter of a million of dollars.

# A MEMORY OF JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.\*

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: *Hero Worship*.



of Robert Smith, Esq., an eminent legal practitioner of London, who long held the

HERE is no memoir of Horace Smith, but he wrote a biography of his brother James, to preface an edition of his collected writings; and although singularly, and perhaps blameably, abnegating himself, we thence gather a few facts and dates that may aid us in recalling both to memory. The brothers, of whom James was the eldest by about four years, were the sons

office of solicitor to the Ordnance—an office in which James succeeded him. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, and in all respects an estimable and accomplished gentleman. Horace having eschewed the legal profession, preferred that of a stockbroker, a business, however, hardly more to his taste, and in which he made no "figure," being from his youth upwards better known at Parnassus than in the vicinity of the Exchange. Both wrote early in life, somewhat to the dismay of the father, who had paved the way to fortune through another and very opposite path.\* Notwithstanding, when Horace produced historical novels, he not only took interest in his son's productions, but gave him "aid and suggestions," which, by his extensive reading and profound knowledge of English history, he was well qualified to do.

James was born on the 16th of February, 1775, and Horace in 1779, at the house in which their father dwelt in Basinghall Street, London. There was also another son, Leonard, and there were six daughters.

The boys were educated at Chigwell, in Essex; in after years, when a "sexagenarian pilgrim," James frequently recalled to memory with pleasure and with gratitude the years there passed; and on revisiting the place towards the close of life, he thus murmured his latest thoughts:—

"Life's cup is nectar at the brink,  
Midway a palatable drink,  
And wormwood at the bottom."

James was articled to his father in 1792, became ultimately his partner, and in 1832 succeeded him. He had tried his "prentice han" in various short-lived periodicals, especially the *Monthly Mirror*, edited by Tom Hill.† At the close of 1812 the brothers "woke and found themselves famous." "One of the luckiest hits in literature" (thus Horace modestly speaks of the work) "appeared on the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre in October of that year. The idea was suggested just six weeks before that event, and the 'Rejected Addresses' occupied the writers no longer time. The copyright was offered to, and declined by, Mr. Murray, for the modest sum of £20. He

reluctantly undertook to publish it, and share the profits—if any; and it is not a little singular that the worthy publisher did actually purchase the book, in 1819, after it had gone through fifteen editions, for the sum of £131. May such results often follow transactions between publishers and authors!

James wrote the imitations of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and Cobbett; Horace those of Byron, Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, and Fitzgerald. The sarcasms were so genuine, the humour so ample, and the imitations so true, that no one of the poets took offence; on the contrary, they were all gratified. It has been rightly said by Mr. Hayward, "that the only discontented persons were those who were left out."

The brothers became "lions" at once; but they had no notion of revelling in notoriety; of literary vanity they had none, and they shrank from, rather than courted, the stare of "admirers," to whom any celebrity of the hour was—and is—a thing coveted and desired.

This story has been often told: when the venerable *bas bleu*, Lady Cork, invited them to her *soirée*, James Smith wrote his regret that they could not possibly accept the invitation, for that his brother Horace was engaged to grin through a horse-collar at a country fair, and he himself had to dance a hornpipe at Sadler's Wells upon that very night.\*

James reposed on his laurels; as his brother says, "he was fond of his ease," and unsolicitous of further celebrity, never again wooing a proverbially capricious public, contenting himself with flinging scraps of humour here and there, heedless of their value or their fate—while Horace became a laborious man of letters. Of James, Mathews used to say, "he is the only man who can write clever nonsense." He lived among wits—dramatic wits more especially—and from him some of them derived much that constituted their stock in trade. His motto was "*Vive la bagatelle!*" his maxim, "Begone, dull care!" His sparkle was that of champagne. But, as one of his friends wrote, "he ever preserved the dignity of the English gentleman from merging in the professional gaiety of the jester;" there was never aught of sneering or sarcasm in his humour—his wit was never a stab. On the con-

*Its choir all vocal things, whose glad devotion  
In one united hymn is heavenly and sped,  
The thunder-peal, the winds—the deep-mouth'd ocean,  
Its organ-dreed*

*Horace Smith.*

*3<sup>d</sup> June 1835*

trary, he was buoyant and genial, even when enduring much bodily suffering; and there was no mistaking the fact that he loved to give pleasure rather than pain.

Horace, on the other hand, became a worker; he took the pen seriously and re-

solutely in hand, and although not at any

\* The earliest anecdote recorded of Horace is this:—in a letter to Mathews, he relates that when at school being asked the Latin for the word cowardice, and having forgotten it, he replied that the Romans had none; which being fortunately deemed a *bon mot*, he got praise and a laugh for not knowing his lesson.

† Southey writes in one of his letters in 1813,—"Horace

time dependent on literature, became an

in London' was printed some years ago in the *Monthly Mirror*. I remarked it at the time, and wondered that it did not attract more notice." James wrote the first of the "At Homes" (in 1808) for Mathews; it was entitled "Mail Coach Adventures."

\* Horace says that though such a letter may have been written, it was never sent.

author by profession, joining the immortal band who

"live for aye  
In Fame's eternal volume."

James died on the 24th of December, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was buried under the vaults of St. Martin's Church. Horace died on the 12th of July, 1849, aged sixty-nine, and was buried in the churchyard of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells.

James "seldom wrote, except as an amusement and relief from graver occupation. Though he may be described as a wit by profession, his nature was kindly, genial, and generous." One who knew him intimately, avers that it was "difficult to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humour with the world;" and many of his friends have testified to his inexhaustible fund of amusement and information, and his "lightness, liveliness, and good sense."

Of James, his brother writes:—"His was not the sly sneering sarcasm that finds most pleasure in the *bon mot* that gives pain nor was it of that dry quiet character, which gives zest to a joke by the apparent unconsciousness of its author. His good sayings were heightened by his cordial good nature, by the beaming smile, the twinkling eye, and the frank, hearty cackling that showed his own enjoyment." He had a remarkably tenacious memory, and was ever ready with an apt quotation from the old poets; and he pleasantly sang some of his own songs.

I recall to memory one of his *jeux d'esprit*; I am not sure if it be published:—

"Celia publishes with Murray,  
Cupid's ministry is o'er;  
Lovers vanish in a hurry,  
She writes—she writes, boys.  
Ward off shore!"

And I have another in MS., "the alphabet to Madame Vestris":—

"Though not with lace bedizened o'er,  
From James's and from Howell's,  
Oh don't despise us twenty-four  
Four consonants and vowels.  
Though critics may your powers discuss  
Your charms, admiring, men see,  
Remember you from four of us  
Derive your X L N C."

Although I more than once visited James Smith at his house in Craven Street, I saw most of him—and it was the best of him—at the "evenings" of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place. He was not far off from his grave, and was usually full of pain: it was often shown by that expression of countenance which accompanies physical suffering, and his round good-humoured face, although it was seldom without a smile, was generally contracted, and at times convulsed from internal agony.

Leigh Hunt described him as "a fair, stout, fresh-coloured man, with round features;" and N. P. Willis as a man "with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy; his eye alone, small, and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius."

He wheeled himself about the room in a sort of invalid chair, and had generally something pleasant, and often something witty to say to each of the guests, his beautiful and accomplished hostess coming, naturally, in for the largest share of both. He was tall and stout, and the merry twinkle of his eye gave evidence that his thoughts were redolent of humour, even when he did not speak.

Horace Smith was of another, and certainly a higher, nature. Leigh Hunt deposes to "the fine nature of the man"

(and well he might do so, having had experience of his liberality), and pictures him as "of good and manly figure, inclining to the robust; his countenance extremely frank and cordial, sweetness without weakness." And Shelley, writing of him, exclaims:—"It is odd that the only truly-generous person I ever knew who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker." "Gay, tender, hospitable, and intellectual," that is Lady Morgan's character of Horace Smith; and this is Southey's testimony to the credit of the brothers both:—"They are clever fellows, with wit and humour as fluent as their ink, and, to their praise be it spoken, with no gall in it."

Yes, certainly Horace was of a far higher nature than James; perhaps it was fairly said of them, "One was a good man, the other a good fellow." But Horace was happily married, and had loving children, enjoyed a healthy constitution, and lived in comparative retirement, away from the bustle of society, in a tranquil home; during the later years of his life he resided at Brighton—it was not then as it is now, London-at-sea, where everybody meets everybody, and nods of recognition are about as many as the steps one takes when promenading the Parade.

He was twice married, and left a daughter by each of his wives; his second wife was the maternal aunt of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., the artist, and it is from a sketch by him, of his uncle, that I engrave the portrait at the head of this Memory. Mr. Ward retains affectionate remembrances of Horace Smith, of his love for children, and the delight that was caused in his father's house whenever "Uncle Horace" was expected; his arrival was ever the signal of a merry-making. He usually placed the children on his knees, and regaled them with fairy tales told in extempore verse.

It was at Brighton I knew Horace Smith, so far back as the year 1835. My knowledge of him, though limited, enables me to endorse the opinions I have quoted from better authorities. He was tall, handsome, with expressive yet quiet features; they were frequently moved, however, when he either heard or said a good thing, and it was easy to perceive the latent humour that did not come to the surface as often as it might have done. It is saying little, if I say I never heard him utter an injurious word of any one of his contemporaries, although our usual talk concerned them; for I was at that time editor of the *New Monthly*, to which he was a frequent contributor, and he liked to know something of his associates in letters, the greater number of whom, I believe, he had never seen. He knew their writings, however, and was certainly an extensive reader as well as a sound thinker, and always a generous and sympathising critic. I copy one of his letters; it is evidence of that which was the leading characteristic of his mind—a total abnegation of self.

"17th October, 1831.

"10, Hanover Crescent.

"I am sorry you should deem the smallest apology necessary for returning my MS., a duty which every editor must occasionally exercise towards all his contributors. From my domestic

\* That, however, was not an "odd thing." It is known that on "the Stock Exchange" originate very many charities; that, indeed, scarcely a day passes there without some subscription list being handed about to relieve want or suffering, public and private. Many thousand pounds are there collected of which the world hears and knows nothing, and the number of persons thus assisted amounts to several hundreds annually. Some of the best "charities" of England had their birth at this place of busy traffic, where, apparently and outwardly, the mind and soul are exclusively occupied in money-getting.

habits and love of occupation I am always scribbling, often without due consideration of what I am writing, and I only wonder that so many of my frivolities have found their way into print. With this feeling, I am always grateful towards those who save me from committing myself, and acquiesce very willingly in their decisions. In proof of this, I will mention a fact of which I am rather proud. Mr. Colburn had agreed to give me £500 for the first novel I wrote, and had announced its appearance, when a mutual friend, who looked over the MS., having expressed an unfavourable opinion of it, I threw it in the fire, and wrote 'Brambletye House' instead. Let me not omit to mention, to the credit of Mr. C., that, upon the unexpected success of that work, he subsequently presented me with an additional £100.

"Begging your excuse for the gossip, I am, with renewed thanks, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,  
"HORATIO SMITH."

His novels are still "asked for" at the circulating libraries, and perhaps as historical romances they even now hold their place next to those of Scott, while among his collected poems are many of great beauty and of much strength. I believe, however, that after the publication of "Rejected Addresses" he preferred to consider the comic vein exhausted; certainly he never wrote in that style for the *New Monthly*. If he does not hold the highest rank in the "republic of letters," he has a high place among the many who gave renown to the age in which he lived. They have had imitators and followers, but the wits of the present day are to those of the past but as tinsel compared with pure gold. Yes, not only in the loftiest walks of literature, but in those that are by comparison lowly, we miss the giants who in our younger days were on earth. We trust we are not "bigots of the past," when we grieve over the contrast between the wits of to-day and the wits of yesterday.

Horace was not rich; indeed, neither of the brothers were so—James never could have amassed money, notwithstanding he was Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. He invested his whole capital, amounting to no more than £3,000, in the purchase of an annuity, and died three months after it was bought. Horace bequeathed to his widow and children an ample sufficiency, although he was far too generous to have become wealthy. Shelley did not know that it was out of comparatively limited means, and not a superfluity, that he relieved, at Shelley's entreaty, the pressing wants of Leigh Hunt. Many other instances may be recorded of his generosity in giving—or of lending, which means the same thing—to less prosperous brothers of the pen.

He was, indeed, emphatically a good man; of large sympathy and charity, generous in giving, even beyond his means; eminent for rectitude in all the affairs and relations of life, and "richly meriting" the praises that are inscribed on his tomb in the graveyard at Tunbridge Wells.

Sacred to the memory of  
HORACE SMITH, ESQ.,

Of Brighton, Sussex,  
Who departed this life July 12, 1849,  
Aged 69.

Gifted with the highest qualities of head and heart,  
His private virtues  
Outshone even his public fame.  
Ever resigning himself with heartfelt gratitude  
And reverent humility  
To the will of the Almighty;  
Ever overflowing with charity towards all men;  
He died as he lived,  
Loving and beloved,  
Full of trust, joy, and hope.

"Glory, and Honour, and Peace, to every man that  
worketh good."—ROMANS II. 10.

## HANS HOLBEIN.\*

It is somewhat singular there should have appeared, almost simultaneously in Germany and in our own country, a comprehensive biography of Hans Holbein. Three or four months since we noticed Dr. Voltmann's "Holbein und Seine Zeit," published at Leipzig, and now Mr. Wornum has put forth a handsome volume of somewhat similar import; we say "somewhat" because the latter writer strictly confines himself to the history of the great painter, while the German author takes rather a wider range, and associates him more specifically with the times in which he lived. Dr. Voltmann's book, however, is not complete, and we wait the appearance of that portion which, to the English connoisseur and critic skilled in the German language, must prove the most interesting, namely, Holbein's residence and labours in this country, where he lived no small portion of his working life, where he produced the greatest number of his most valuable pictures, where he died and was buried. Mr. Wornum, on the other hand, has carried his narrative through at once, but disclaims the idea of its being a "life" of the artist, alleging that as yet we have not sufficient materials to justify such a title. "I have endeavoured," he says, "only to give an adequate conception of Holbein's career and qualities as an artist, by a succinct relation of all the known biographical events of his life, and by a detailed and chronological review, as far as possible, of all his characteristic or capital works." We may remark here that Mr. Wornum refers occasionally to Dr. Voltmann's work, generally in corroboration of his own opinions on the authenticity, or the contrary, of certain pictures.

They who are accustomed, as some are, to regard Holbein only as a crude, quaint, semi-medieval painter, must entertain very different views after examining one of several engravings illustrating this volume, 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary,' one of the wings of a triptych, representing the 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,' assumed to have been painted for the Convent of St. Catherine, Augsburg, but now in the Pinacothek at Munich. Mr. Wornum truly calls this portion of the triptych "a fine picture, abounding in natural truth." St. Elizabeth, who is ministering to some sick of leprosy, has little of the old German manner. The figure is graceful in form and easy in attitude; the drapery is ample and rich, and is arranged with great elegance as to the form and sway of its folds. The heads of the leprosy men are also admirably modelled, and full of expression. If Holbein painted this picture not later than 1515-16, the date assigned to it, he could not have been more than twenty-one years of age. A work showing such qualities as this would have been honourable to any veteran artist of that period: but as the production of a mere youth, it is most remarkable. An outline engraving of his celebrated 'Meier Madonna,' commonly held to be Holbein's masterpiece, in the gallery of Prince Charles of Hesse, of Darmstadt, painted ten years later, shows as little of mediæval tendencies as does the other.

It must have been almost immediately after the execution of this work, namely, in 1526-27, that Holbein arrived in England, urged, according to his friend Erasmus, to undertake the journey in the hope of obtaining the employment for his talents, which he could not find in his own country. He came with letters of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, who, though he had not yet succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancellor, was Treasurer of the Exchequer, Speaker of the House of Commons, and stood high in the good graces of the king, Henry VIII. To More "Holbein had access at once, and was kindly received, but it was years hence before he approached, or probably was ever known to, the king personally, or any

other of the exalted personages at the head of the state. Still the king can scarcely have remained altogether unacquainted with his works, as he may easily have seen some of them at Sir Thomas's, on the visits he occasionally paid him at his house in Chelsea. The king took great pleasure in passing a few quiet hours with his favourite chancellor." In after years the German artist undoubtedly obtained very considerable patronage both from the court and the nobility, though he appears never to have received any court appointment. When he first came to England, John Browne held the office of "serjeant-painter" to the king. Browne was succeeded by Andrew Wright, and on the death of the latter, Anthony Toto, a foreigner, was nominated to the post. It is clear, therefore, as Mr. Wornum intimates, that the passing over of Holbein was not caused by the fact that he was a foreigner: he "may either have wanted court influence, or possibly his reputation was not then what it has since become." We scarcely see the force of these remarks, for, considering how many of those occupying high places had sat to him for their portraits, it seems only reasonable to suppose he must have possessed great interest; and he would also have been held in much esteem, or the nobles and the princes of the land would have given their patronage to others, for he had as rivals here, Mabuse, Anthony Toto, and his successor as "serjeant-painter," Lucas Hornebolt, of Ghent, Girolamo du Trevino, Van Cleef, Gwillim Stretes, and others. In a subsequent page Mr. Wornum speaks of him as in the king's service:—"We may feel pretty certain," he says, "that Holbein was a 'servant of the king's Majesty' in the year 1537; it was in this year that the great Whitehall picture was painted, representing Henry, his father, and the two queens, Elizabeth of York and Jane Seymour."

The great value of Mr. Wornum's volume is the infinite pains he has taken to identify the pictures painted by Holbein. Every important work assumed to be his is most carefully analysed, authorities for and against are scrupulously weighed, and an independent judgment is pronounced, not dogmatically, but as an opinion. And lest he should be accused of speaking *ex cathedra*, he argues that it is no dogmatism to give expression to convictions when a critic "does not assert a fact about a picture, but a fact about his own mind, an impression. At all events I desire the reader in this light to accept any opinions or *dicta* that he may dissent from, which he may meet with in this volume, with reference to the works of Holbein. I do not intend to assert that Holbein never painted such and such a work, but simply that I do not perceive his hand in it."

Speaking of pictures attributed to Holbein, but for which there is no absolute authority, he says:—"After 1533, Holbein appears to have rarely dated his pictures, which is a misfortune. Certainly, if painters had not only inscribed their works with their own names and dates, but also with the names of the parties represented, they would have saved positively immense labour and endless conjecture, setting aside the positive benefits that might have accrued from such a practice. That many families might possibly, under such circumstances, have been deprived of their 'imaginary ancestors,' is but a slight disadvantage for the general world to put into the other side of the scales. Let the present generation take warning, and attach the names of individuals to the backs of their photographs; if not, there is a chance of 'imaginary ancestors' attaining to the number of millions; they may be less valued, however, as they get cheaper."

The remarkable woodcuts known as Holbein's 'Dance of Death,' have been a frequent subject of discussion with regard to their authorship. Some, Mr. Wornum observes, "as for instance, Rumohr, have gone to the extent of asserting Holbein to have been not only the designer of the work, but its engraver also. This opinion I do not adopt. That Holbein was the author of the designs I cannot but believe; they bear in their vigour and dignity an internal evidence of his hand," &c.

If England had no great painters of her own till within the last century and a half, she

always had sufficient discrimination and liberality to foster those of other countries, some of whom dwelt and worked so long in our borders, that we are often accustomed to consider them almost as our own. It is so with Holbein, and Vandyck, and Rubens, with many more of inferior grade; their names are intimately associated with Art in England, and we glory in the possession of some of their noblest productions. For this reason it is that we welcome any writings which give us an insight into the life, character, and works of such men; and Mr. Wornum's volume must take its place with those conscientious and instructive biographies which diligent students of Art and artists occasionally give the world. His object was to present to the mind of the reader a definite and true image of his hero; and to do this as compactly, and in a form as agreeable and as little fatiguing to the reader, as lay within his powers to compass. This object has been most successfully carried out; for the strictly biographical narrative is interspersed with much historical comment upon Holbein's patrons and their times; and we are much disposed, after reading his book, to apply to its author the remarks he himself makes on its subject:—"Many men have given us fine effects, but few indeed have worked like Holbein, and one should be sorry, for the sake of a few more fine effects, to give up the living harmonies of this remarkable painter. We feel as if we had known or seen the men that Holbein has painted"—the italics are our own—"he has produced nature, while your clever painters have only too often used nature as a mere means of showing their own cleverness." It is just the same with some writers upon Art, who apparently use their pens to show how little they know of what they profess to discuss, and how ingenious they are in the adaptation of that little to other purposes than those of true criticism and real Art-instruction.

## OBITUARY.

J. M. WRIGHT

John Masey Wright was born in the year 1773, in the neighbourhood of Pentonville, where his father carried on the business of an organ-builder. He displayed early a taste for drawing, in which he was not encouraged by his father, who desired that his son should follow his own calling, particularly as the boy was gifted with a fine ear and feeling for music, which showed itself at a very tender age. It is remembered of him that, when very young, he was taken to the Bagnigge Wells Tea Gardens, and placed at the organ, where he drew round him a crowd of listeners, who eagerly inquired what he was playing, "but the child could not tell." At the usual age he was apprenticed to a person in his father's line of business, at which he worked for a time, but with little satisfaction to his master it would appear, as he was sent back to his home. The boy loved drawing better than making organ pipes.

At the age of sixteen he was introduced by a lady to Stothard, from whom he received great kindness, being admitted a constant visitor at the studio of the distinguished painter, and allowed to stand by his easel to see him work, a privilege which throughout life Wright ever acknowledged in grateful terms; indeed his attachment to Stothard and his admiration of the genius of that accomplished artist so completely filled his mind as to produce a lasting influence on his own works, which, in subject, arrangement, and colour rarely fail to indicate something of the manner, feeling, and grace of him from whom he had imbibed his earliest impressions in Art. Still there was so much akin in the minds and gentle natures of both, that Wright

\* SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF HANS HOLBEIN, PAINTER, OF AUGSBURG. With numerous Illustrations. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. Published by Chapman and Hall, London.

may have followed in the track of the great illustrator rather from natural impulse and similarity of taste than from any want of original powers of his own. Like Stothard he was a great reader, and an ardent lover of our imaginative literature, and hence for his subjects drew largely on the poets. His earliest and latest designs were alike derived from his favourite authors. Of compositions from Shakspeare he never wearied; so constantly did his thoughts dwell on the beauties of the great dramatist, that it is related by his son who watched him through a severe illness, that he was repeatedly startled by his father reciting in a loud voice, in his sleep, long passages from Shakspeare's plays.

The present century is fruitful in names of distinguished artists who, at some period of their lives, have devoted themselves to painting for the stage. With these must be associated that of Wright. The accident which led him to become a painter of stage scenery and panoramas was thus related by himself:—"I chanced," he said, "to take lodgings in Lambeth Walk, in a house in which Wilson resided, who was at that time painting scenes at Astley's Theatre, and we soon became intimate. Not far from the theatre stood an old wooden public-house, kept by a man named Bent, a favourite resort of actors and scenic artists, and there I met Roberts, Stanfield, and others similarly occupied, and was introduced to the Barkers, who were well known for their panoramas, and I was advised by Wilson to try my hand at their craft. Thomas Barker offered me the opportunity, and I essayed some figures in a panorama, which he was then preparing for exhibition in a building since converted into the Strand Theatre. I afterwards painted for him for some time." That Wright's success was complete may be inferred from the fact that Barker's brother Henry entered into an engagement with him for seven years to assist in a series of panoramas of the battles of the Peninsula. There were at that time few artists competent to undertake subjects of such magnitude, in which a multitude of figures of the size of life formed the leading features. Wright's command of the figure and his ready skill in grouping were immediately appreciated by his brother artists, and met with well-merited applause from the public, who season after season crowded to Leicester Square to see the panoramas of Corfu, the battles of Vittoria, Corunna, and the crowning victory of Waterloo. By the London exhibition of the last, Barker is said to have realised a fortune. The picture was afterwards conveyed to India in charge of James Meadows, whose sister Wright married when he was about thirty-three years of age.

He assisted also in the scenery of Her Majesty's Theatre. There is a touch of pleasantry in his account of his first interview with Zara, who then reigned supreme at the Opera House as chief scene-painter. "What can you do?" asked Zara. "Figures." "How much do you want?" "Five guineas a week." "That is much; I can give you three." Three were eventually accepted, and Wright was set to work to paint some cupids. When Zara saw them finished, he exclaimed, "Good! you are clever: I shall give you five guineas:"—an anecdote which, even in extreme old age, Wright repeated with a playful smile of satisfaction.

He does not appear to have exhibited in the Royal Academy until the year 1813, when he sent two pictures in oil. In 1817 he exhibited 'The Procession of the Flitch

of Bacon,' a work that attracted considerable attention, and advanced his reputation. It has, moreover, the merit of having anticipated, by some eight years, Stothard's design of the same subject (engraved by Watt as a companion to the celebrated 'Canterbury Pilgrimage'), which appears not to have been painted until 1824-5, when Stothard was in his seventieth year.

Wright considered that his first work of any importance was painted from a poem called "The Burning Shame," founded on an old law of Elizabeth, which excluded lawyers from the Isle of Wight. The picture shows a lawyer who, having been caught on the forbidden ground, seized by the populace, and thrust into a tub surrounded with lighted candles, is thus expelled with an accompaniment of rough music. The composition of this work is much in the manner of his 'Flitch of Bacon,' being processional, with groups full of movement, and flowing onward in an easy stream of boisterous mirth. The subject was painted for a gentleman of the name of Vine, who lived on the island.

In 1824 he was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and from that time appears to have applied himself chiefly to water-colour painting. He produced a great number of drawings, of which nearly one hundred and forty were shown in their annual exhibitions.

As a graceful illustrator of books his merits are amply attested by the numerous engravings from his designs; but to form a just estimate of his powers as an artist, we must look to the productions of his prime, not to those of his advanced age, when both hand and eye fail in their cunning. As a panorama painter Mr. Wright was pre-eminent; but these works have passed away with the excitement of the times that called them into existence, and they are now only remembered by the few. Hundreds of his beautiful compositions in oil and in water-colours remain to testify to his taste and industry. In his selection of subject-matter he chose the simple, graceful, and delicate, dwelling rather on the amenities, than on the strong points, of character.

He died on the 13th of May, 1866, in his ninety-third year. We wish it could be added that his declining years passed unclouded; but with failing strength and powers came straitened circumstances, the too common lot of artists, even after a long life of honourable toil; and it is yet more sad to relate that he leaves, unprovided for, a daughter in broken health, and a son helpless, and nearly blind.

#### JAMES TOLMIE.

THIS artist, favourably known as an ornamental sculptor, died very suddenly, at his house in Lambeth, in December last. The carvings on many of our public edifices were designed and executed by him. Among them may be mentioned the Whitehall Club, New City Club, Inns of Court Hotel, the Great Hotel at Buxton, &c. &c. He also sculptured some of the carvings for the mausoleum of the late Prince Consort. At the time of his death he was engaged upon two statues for the interior of St. George's Hall, Bradford. His death is very much regretted by a large circle of personal friends. In his profession Mr. Tolmie held a very high position. In private life he was a generous, open-handed man, had a warm and affectionate heart, and, by his happy conversational powers, he always won the regard and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

## PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

### THE JURORS.

THE Imperial Commission has published the names of "Jurors for Awards." It is not necessary that we print the whole list. We give, however, those that specially concern our readers, premising that the names are, for the most part, well known, and all such as to impart confidence in the ultimate awards:—

Class 7. *Stationery, Bookbinding, and Artistic Materials*.—M. Quicherat, Member of the Institute; M. Rouilhac, merchant.

Class 8. *Application of Design in the Ordinary Arts*.—M. Baltard, Member of the Institute, architect; Ed. Taigny.

Class 9. *Photography*.—Count Olympe Aguado; M. Niépce de St. Victor.

Class 14. *Artistic Furniture*.—M. Du Sommerard, Director of the Museum of Cluny; M. Williamson, Administrator of the Mobilier de la Couronne.

Class 15. *Upholstery and Decorative Work*.—M. Gustave de Rothschild; M. Diéterle, decorative painter.

Class 16. *Crystal and Stained Glass*.—M. Peligot, Member of the Institute; M. George Bontemps, formerly manufacturer.

Class 17. *Porcelain, Faïences, &c.*—M. Regnault, Member of the Institute, Director of the Sèvres Works; M. Dommartin, merchant.

Class 18. *Carpets, Tapestry, and Furniture Tissues*.—M. Badin, Director of the Gobelins, &c.; M. Carlihan, merchant.

Class 19. *Paper-Hangings*.—M. Ciceri, decorative artist; M. Delicourt, formerly manufacturer.

Class 21. *Goldsmiths' Work*.—M. le Duc de Cambacères; M. P. Christoffe, goldsmith.

Class 22. *Bronzes and other Artistic Works, cast and chased*.—M. le Baron de Buteval, senator; M. Barbedienne, manufacturer.

Class 23. *Clock and Watch Making*.—M. Langier, Member of the Institute; M. Bréguet, manufacturer.

Class 31. *Silk Tissues and Yarns*.—M. Payen, merchant; M. Jules Baimbert, merchant; M. Girodon, of Lyons.

Class 32. *Shawls*.—M. Germain Thibaut, formerly manufacturer; M. Gaussen, formerly manufacturer.

Class 33. *Lace, Embroidery, and Trimmings*.—M. Louvet, manufacturer; M. Lieven-Delhay, formerly manufacturer.

Class 36. *Jewellery and Trinkets*.—M. Fossin, formerly Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce; M. Beauprand, jeweller.

The following were chosen by the body of decorative artists, and one-third by the administration:—

In the section of Painting and Drawing.—MM. Pils, Cabanel, Gérôme, Ingres, Bida, Hébert, Fromentin, Breton (Jules), Baudry, Meissonier, Gleyre, Théodore Rousseau, François, Brion, Jalabert, Couture.

In Sculpture.—MM. Guillaume, Barye, Cavelier, Dumont, Bonnat, Thomas, Soitoux, Joffroy, Perraud, Cabot.

In Architecture.—MM. Duc (J. L.) Garnier, Duban, Ballu, Vaudoyer, Henri Labrousse.

In Engraving and Lithography.—MM. Henriquel-Dupont, Achille Martinet, Alphonse, François, Mouilleron, Charles Jacque, Gauthier.

To this list the following have been added by the Imperial Commission:—

Section of Painting and Drawing.—MM. Cottier, J. Halphen, Lacaze, Charles Leroux, le Marquis Maison, Frédéric Reiset, Paul de Saint-Victor, le Comte Welles de la Valette.

Section of Sculpture.—MM. Charles Blanc, de Longpérier, Michaux, Soulié, Théophile Gautier.

Section of Architecture.—MM. de Caumont, le Baron de Guilhermy, Albert Lenoir.

Section of Engraving and Lithography.—MM. Ad. de Beaumont, le Vicomte H. Delaborde, Marcille.

THE  
SECOND NATIONAL PORTRAIT  
EXHIBITION.

If it should prove to realise the intention of its projectors, the forthcoming Portrait Exhibition of this year will consist of pictures that will be so arranged as to form two distinct classes:—first, the second collection of portraits, properly so distinguished, as being chronologically and historically the successors to the first collection, which formed last year's exhibition; and, secondly, a collection supplementary to last year's exhibition, and consisting of portraits all of them earlier in date than the commencement of the era which the second exhibition is intended to illustrate. The pictures forming these two classes, as a matter of course, will be carefully distinguished in the exhibition itself; and it is to be hoped that in the catalogue some such references will be made to portraits exhibited last year, as will connect the supplementary groups with their own contemporaries, and thus will form a connecting link of peculiar interest between the two exhibitions. It is highly probable that the supplementary collection will contain many portraits of the greatest importance. The project of a national portrait exhibition last year was without any precedent; and the signal success of what really was an experiment, cannot fail to bring to the galleries this year a large proportion of the works that before were required to fill up vacancies and to complete groups.

But in this second portrait exhibition, as in its predecessor, another twofold order of pictures will be found to exist, whether a corresponding twofold classification be or be not made either in the galleries or in the catalogue. For the aim and range of these exhibitions are officially explained to have reference to the illustration, on the one hand, of "English history;" and, on the other hand, of "the progress of Art in England." Consequently, each exhibition "would comprise the portraits of persons of every class who had in any way attained eminence or distinction in England, from the date of the earliest authentic portraits to the present time;" not, however, to include portraits of living persons or miniatures. Then, "in regard to Art," it is expressly set forth, that both "works of inferior painters representing distinguished persons" would be admitted, and also "the acknowledged works of eminent artists," though such works might be unknown as portraits, or might represent persons not in any way distinguished.

Two distinct classes of portraits are here defined; the one class distinguished by the subjects of the pictures, which represent eminent persons; and the other class distinguished by the Art of the pictures, which represent eminent artists. Or, in other words, these exhibitions consist, first, of national portraits; and, secondly, of the works of painters who, either personally or through their works, are connected with England, and so take rank as national portrait painters.

There can be no question concerning the desirableness of these portrait exhibitions thus being qualified to discharge simultaneously a twofold duty; but it does become a subject for serious consideration, that the exhibitions should be empowered to realise their own aim and purpose, and to accomplish their appointed duties. And this requires, besides the assembling together of the pictures, some application of their teaching, coupled with some permanent record of what they may be able to teach and actually may teach. It is greatly to be feared that very much of the teaching of last year's portrait exhibition passed away with the breaking up of the collections; and, certainly, it is at least as much to be desired that this should not take place again.

In the case of portraits in which the eminence is centred in the painter, and has no reference to the person represented, the value and interest of any picture are to be estimated exclusively on its merits as a work of Art. If such a picture be admirable as a portrait, in a collection of "national portraits" it has no place on that

plea, seeing that this collection can contain portraits only "of persons who have in some way attained eminence or distinction in England." Still, a picture such as this may be very valuable as an example of its own department in Art; it may have much to teach and to suggest to all portrait painters, much to set forth concerning the art of portrait-painting as it flourished in its own period, much of valuable illustration in regard to Art that may be applied to the portraits of eminent personages by contemporary artists. And, therefore, pictures of this description are rightly held to be entitled to honourable places in these exhibitions; and their various qualities, and their faculties for giving instruction in Art and for illustrating "the progress of Art in England," have a most just claim for thoughtful and diligent consideration.

It is not very easy to form a correct estimate of the value to a portrait exhibition of pictures which are supposed to be unquestionably good as likenesses, while there is not less of certainty that as works of Art they are the reverse of good. Indeed, all that can be said is, that a judicious discretion must determine in every such instance whether the work of an "inferior painter" ought to be admitted, because it represents (or is supposed to represent) some distinguished personage. A strong suspicion must always exist that there is a close alliance between inferior Art and imperfect portraiture; still it would be far from desirable to adopt, as a rule, the contrary theory, that the standard of portraiture and of Art should be held to be identical; and, accordingly, that in a national portrait exhibition all the exhibited pictures should be of a high order of Art. In every picture proposed to be exhibited amongst national portraits, which is admitted to be by an inferior artist, and to have but slight, if any, claims for acceptance based upon its artistic qualities, the grand attribute of faithful portraiture is necessarily the only possible redeeming qualification.

The admitted fact that a picture, which would be excluded from an exhibition as a work of Art, may justly be esteemed worthy of a place in consequence of its merit as a portrait, naturally leads to some consideration of the general character of the portraiture that exists in portraits. We find that a fine picture, which may not be a portrait at all, is qualified to appear in a portrait exhibition; and with it another decidedly "inferior" picture which is a portrait; and we ask, what is the standard by which veritable and admitted portraiture is determined? We know that portraits of living persons, even when painted by "eminent artists," are not always very happy in conveying either likeness or expression; and, in like manner, nothing can be more remarkable than the strangely decided difference that almost invariably is found to exist between painted portraits of the same person long deceased, when several are brought into contact, and may be seen together and subjected to a searching comparison. It is evident at a glance, that whoever may have been familiar with a single picture only in any such group, and from the contemplation of that single particular picture may have formed a determinate idea of what some celebrated man or woman may have been like, has been liable to have been misled by his authority, and consequently it is more than probable that he may have set up before his mental vision a false image instead of the true one. It is a very common error to assume that an early painted portrait is necessarily a likeness. On the contrary, upon reflection it is evident that, as a general rule, it is by no means safe to accept as a true likeness any single picture, however eminent the artist who may have painted it; while a comparison between a series of portraits of one individual, leading to observation on the difference of age and perhaps of condition of the same person in his various portraits, and to a consideration of the varying circumstances under which the different pictures may have been painted, will rarely fail to reconcile in a great degree the conflicting ideas which, in the first instance, must have been excited by seeing the decided un-likeness of a group of portraits all professing to represent

one and the same person, and to lead to the conception of what really is a faithful portrait. Such a comparison also shows, that in dealing with a group of portraits of one individual, allowance has to be made for the artistic conception and feeling, and for the method of technical treatment adopted by different artists, and indeed by the same artist at different periods; and, accordingly, when we have to rely upon a single picture only, in this case all these considerations must be kept in view, and their influence must be recognised as in some degree affecting the fidelity of the portraiture; and, at the same time, the recognition of all these qualifying circumstances, and a due estimate of their comparative importance may fairly be expected to afford most material aid towards forming a correct idea of what a man was, from the contemplation of the one portrait of him that is still in existence.

The exhibition of last year demonstrated, beyond all question, that in estimating the value of the portraiture in early portraits, it is necessary very generally to inquire what alterations may have been made in any picture, and what additions may have been introduced in it, since it left the hands of the original artist. We now know for certain that inscriptions, and accessories of various kinds and of equally varied degrees of importance, have constantly been added to early portraits, often long after they were, so to speak, first finished. And, more than this, the recent happy restoration of the Westminster Abbey portrait of Richard II. to what was its original condition, proves that early portraits, even when of royal personages, were not safe from such second and third finishings, as would effectually obliterate all but the faintest traces of whatever true portraiture the pictures in the first instance may have possessed.

Again: we are indebted to the exhibition of last year for finally removing all doubts concerning the dates, and consequently the authority as portraits, of many early paintings which profess to be, and are accepted as, likenesses of certain personages who long ago "attained eminence and distinction in England." These pictures were found, on certain evidence, to have been painted many years after the death of the persons whose names they bear. Hence arises a curious inquiry concerning the usage, evidently recognised as consistent with painting portraits, of painting from some model instead of from the life. What were these models? and in what degree were they, and may we regard them to have been, competent to enable painters to paint from them what we may hold to be portraits? These are questions that we must leave for full consideration on some future occasion.

One other condition of a portrait exhibition requires to be noticed: it is the admission of engravings of a high order, when painted portraits of persons who ought to be represented are not to be obtained. We have no hesitation in recording our desire in such cases to find good engraved portraits in the exhibition,—the engravings never to be admitted to the exclusion of pictures, and also never to be excluded because they are engravings. Also, whenever any painted portrait, either excellent as a work of Art, or admitted on sure evidence to be truthful in its representation of an eminent personage, has been well and faithfully engraved, in every such case we hope to find in this year's exhibition, both the original picture and the engraver's translation of it. Such engraved portraits have their own contribution to offer, to the illustration of "the progress of Art in England." And the true value of engraved portraits, both as works of Art, and also in their proper capacity of reproducing the portraiture in pictures, can then only be determined when the picture and the engraving from it can be seen together. In the great majority of instances this can rarely happen, except so far as a few favoured individuals may be concerned; when it is possible, from some unusual and rare combination of fortunate circumstances, that public exhibitions of national portraits may be formed, in those exhibitions the allied productions of painters and engravers should be present at the same time in the same galleries.

## ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—A few months ago we printed some details concerning the efforts made by Messrs. W. and J. Randel, goldsmiths and jewellers of Birmingham, to interest and, in a degree, to educate, their artisans by supplying them with a library, instructive books and engravings, Art-models, &c.; these gentlemen having built with that view an Art-gallery attached to the works. A year having elapsed, their *employés* have been assembled to receive prizes for drawings made under these encouraging circumstances. The mayor presided at a dinner provided for sixty guests, among whom were several of the "celebrities" of the town. The mayor addressed the audience: his words were so wise, so benevolent, and so strongly applicable to our leading manufacturers generally, that we print them, in the hope they may have places in many workshops throughout the country, and so find their way into the minds and hearts of employers and employed. It is highly creditable to the mayor that he has thus co-operated with Messrs. Randel. His worship said:—"They were doing in that establishment what he believed would effect much for the prosperity of Birmingham. On going over it for the first time, that day, he was pleased indeed to see that the sanitary arrangements seemed to be of a very superior order. There appeared to be not only that which pleased the eye; for it was a very handsome building, with a great amount of space, which enabled the workmen to carry on their occupations with much less deterioration of health than in a great many places he had visited. They all knew that what the Messrs. Randel had done was something new in Birmingham; he felt it was much to their credit to have been instrumental in introducing so good a practice as teaching Art within the walls of their establishment. Before he accepted the invitation to be present he had some conversation with the Messrs. Randel, and wished particularly to know what their object was in establishing their Art-studio—whether it was purely a philanthropic scheme, or whether it was one from which they expected to derive benefit. The reply was that they expected to derive a benefit themselves. There were two considerations apart from that of health which might have very great weight with them. One was that the more enlightened, the more education a workman had, the more knowledge he had of the arts and principles which governed his trade, the more superior he must become in his handicraft, in the quality, and even the quantity, of the work he turned out; and, therefore, a man's financial position must be very much improved by his education. That that was the case generally they of course all knew; but that it was the case in Birmingham especially, was a fact which, while they all knew it very well, was not perhaps generally acknowledged. In many parts of England the work-people were almost human machines, and it was only necessary for the master to be educated; but in Birmingham the workmen must be educated, and it was almost more important that they should be educated than that the master should. In some foreign countries the education of the working man was carried to a very great extent, and especially in the Art department. The amount of Art-education in France was surprising to an English mind; and they had to come into competition with educated workmen in France and in other places. Their only chance of going on and increasing their trade, and making it profitable, was by becoming as educated as their competitors. There was another view of the question, to which he would call attention for a moment. That was, that the education they were carrying on there was a part only of that general education which they all of them wanted, and which they none of them had enough of, and which formed, or ought to form, their enjoyment in life. He was quite sure that the man who had attended most to his mental development would have higher enjoyments in life than the man who sought for enjoyment in the physical pleasures of life. If they could only keep clearly in their minds the

fact that their progress in mental development would give them more enjoyment; and if they could only go a little further—which they were sure to do, if they took that first step—they would find that development of the intellectual faculties almost necessarily led to the development of the moral and of the religious." The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. P. Hollins (the distinguished sculptor), Mr. J. S. Wright (of the *Midland Counties Herald*), Mr. J. Bunce, and others. Mr. Wright explained the extraordinary change that had taken place within twenty years or so, in Birmingham, with reference to that particular branch of trade; and Mr. Bunce commented on the startling facts that, "sixty years ago in the jewellery trade in Birmingham, there were only 12 masters, and fewer than 700 workmen; while at the present time in the jewellery trade and the trades connected with it, there were 600 masters and 7,500 workmen. Fifty years ago very little gold was used in Birmingham, and what was made use of was misused very grossly. But now the trade consumed every year nearly one million pounds worth of gold and silver, nine-tenths of which was gold, and a quarter of a million's worth of jewels." The evening must have been very gratifying to Messrs. Randel, and even more so to the artisans in their employ.—The ballot for prizes in the Birmingham and Midland Counties' Art-Union took place last month. This is one of the "Shilling" Art-Union Societies which a Committee of the House of Commons condemned; and, as Dr. Fletcher—who presided over the meeting for the ballot—remarked, "without a hearing." The chairman strongly repudiated the verdict at which the Committee had arrived, and courted full inquiry into the proceedings and results of his Society. The report announced the subscriptions of the past year to amount to £927 7s. After deducting the working expenses, there remained to be allotted for £680, which was apportioned as follows:—1 prize of £100, 1 of £50, 1 of £25, 2 of £20, 9 of £15, 20 of £10, and 25 of £5. In addition to the above, eleven unclaimed prizes from the last winter exhibition were distributed, making a total valued at £904 6s.

**GLASGOW.**—The prizes awarded to the pupils of the Government School of Art in connection with the South Kensington Department of Science and Art, were presented by the Lord Provost, in the month of December. So meritorious did the local committee consider the works of many of the students, that they deemed it right to give eighteen prizes in addition to those awarded by the Department; these supplementary rewards appeared to be called for on account of the closeness of the competition for the others. In the general competition with the schools of the United Kingdom, that of Glasgow obtained one gold and two bronze national medals. The number of students on the roll of the public classes during the past year, was about 600, and on that of the private classes about 250. The amount received in fees for the year 1866, was £612; in 1865, about £482. The prize-winners in 1865 numbered 43; last year they reached 54.

**DUBLIN.**—A meeting for the presentation of prizes to the students of the Royal Dublin Society's School of Art was held at the end of December. The annual report, read by Dr. Steele, showed the following results of the last year's labours:—The number of pupils amounted to 431, of whom 226 were ladies. The artisan classes had increased considerably: among them were twenty-four clerks, fifteen teachers, nine lithographers, eight house-painters, seven carpenters, six builders, nine salesmen, five artists, five upholsterers, three stucco-plasterers, three engine-fitters, four architects' pupils, three draughtsmen, three engineers, two printers, two cabinet-makers, two coach-painters, two leather-dressers, two shipwrights, three stone-carvers, and two bricklayers. These statistics show great diversity of employments, and, as such, are interesting.

**CORK.**—The prizes annually awarded to the successful competitors in the Cork School of Art, were distributed, by the mayor of the city, on December 17th. The report of the School Committee was also brought before the meet-

ing; from it we learn that the number of students had increased from 202 in the year 1865 to 237 in 1866. Mrs. Henry Hill received the second prize at the national competition, for a drawing of orchids; and Miss Anne Baker a national prize for a painting of dead game. The chairman remarked that "the school was not attended by one class of pupils only, but persons of almost every grade were to be found in it, and several prizes were," he noticed, "taken by boys belonging to National schools."

**BANBURY.**—A preliminary meeting for the purpose of establishing a School of Art in this town has been held. A sum of about £130 per annum, it was stated, would suffice.

**BRISTOL.**—The prizes awarded at the last examination of the Bristol School of Art, were distributed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese. Mr. Philip Miles, the President, opened the proceedings by well-timed animadversions on the late Art-minutes. After congratulating the meeting on the prosperous condition of the school, "so far as the number of students was concerned," he said, "that this was not the case financially, as they were suffering, and should suffer, day after day, from the recent minutes in council, which had been passed at South Kensington, by which an inferior style of Art had been allowed to be propagated throughout the country, and by which persons holding second-grade certificates were enabled to educate pupils up to a certain point, and then to turn them off and get fresh ones. It was generally believed that Government Schools of Art were not intended to encourage low Art. He was sure that the present state of things would not be allowed to continue, and hoped measures would be taken by which schools of Art would be put in a proper position." The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol spoke to the same effect and as follows:—"It was a pleasure to him to hear that the Bristol school was generally prospering, but he learnt, not with surprise, yet with regret, that the relations of this and other schools of Art, with the Government were not wholly satisfactory. He had observed that in other things than Art there was, in connection with the Government, a tendency to the extensive—to quantity—without in all cases a sufficient regard for quality. He was sorry to hear we were descending in Art. Surely if Art meant anything, it was one of those things in which we should be ever ascensive and never descensive." A warm tribute was paid to the zeal and ability of the head master, Mr. J. N. Smith. We may add of our own knowledge, that the Bristol school, in common with other schools throughout the country, has been compelled, under the operation of the new minutes, to discontinue the instruction hitherto given in schools for the poor. The Art-education of the people thus suffers material check.—Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson read a paper in the Institution, on the evening of January 8. The subject was "Raffaello and his Works," which the lecturer illustrated by numerous engravings and photographs.

**CARLISLE.**—The annual meeting of the Carlisle School of Art for the distribution of prizes and other business, was held towards the close of last year. The school maintains its position as regards the number of students and the progress they make; but the number of prizes and certificates awarded did not equal that of some preceding years, owing to the minutes issued somewhat recently by the Science and Art Department; while the fees paid by the students, which are partially regulated by the Department, are so low as altogether to preclude, so says the report, the possibility of the school ever becoming self-supporting.

**CHESTER.**—The students of the School of Art have presented to Mr. E. A. Davidson a testimonial of their regard, on his leaving Chester, after filling the post of head-master of the school for nearly fourteen years. The present was a handsome inkstand of walnut-wood, bearing a silver plate with a suitable inscription. Mr. Davidson also received at the same time a skeleton timepiece, embellished with a figure, in gold, of the Queen, and a purse containing fifty pounds, both being the result of subscriptions by gentlemen who had been his "private" pupils, or his early pupils in the School of Art.

**CONWAY.**—A marble bust, by Mr. Theed, of the late John Gibson, R.A., has recently been placed in the parish church of Conway, in which Gibson was baptised. Underneath it is the following inscription:—"John Gibson, sculptor, born of humble parents, near Conway, 1790. Died at Rome, 1866. By the force of natural genius and unremitting industry, he became one of the first sculptors in Europe; member of the Royal Academy of Arts in London; of the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome; and of other distinguished foreign institutions. His works will perpetuate his fame. Here in his native place, a few loving friends have raised this memorial as a tribute of affectionate regard for the unpretending simplicity and truthfulness of his life." The memorial originated, we believe, with Mrs. H. Sandbach, of Hafod, one of Gibson's most valued friends.

**KEIGHLEY.**—The annual meeting of the School of Art here was recently held, and the prizes awarded to the students were distributed. The report stated that during the past year 71 pupils had attended the male classes, and that the ladies' class, which had only been lately formed, was attended by seven pupils. The classes are still under the superintendence of Mr. Walter Smith, head-master of the Leeds School of Art, and are regularly taught by Mr. Andrew Stevenson, assisted by Mr. W. H. Jackson, late a successful student in the school.

**LIVERPOOL.**—At a somewhat recent meeting of the Liverpool Town Council, the following resolution was agreed to unanimously:—"That a special committee of eight members be appointed to take into consideration the choice of a sculptor to execute the proposed statue in honour of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, as well as to make all other arrangements rendered necessary for the due completion of the work." Subsequently, Mr. Thornycroft, whose statue of her Majesty, at Wolverhampton, was recently inaugurated, has received a commission for the work. It is to cost £5,000, and will be a "companion" to the equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort.

**MAIDSTONE.**—An attempt, which is likely to be successful, is making to establish a School of Art, in connection with South Kensington, in this quiet agricultural town.

**MANCHESTER.**—The successful students of the Manchester School of Art received the prizes awarded to them by the examiners of the Department of Science and Art, at their recent annual meeting, over which Mr. Thomas Bazley, M.P., presided. The honourable gentleman alluded to the progress made by the pupils during the past year in terms of approbation, paying a high compliment to the head master, Mr. W. J. Muckley, who addressed the students on the subject of their duties at considerable length. The school numbers at present 300.

**PENANCE.**—The presentation of prizes to the students of the Penance School of Art was made in December last. The report for the past year speaks most encouragingly of the progress of the students and the satisfactory state of the institution generally.

**SALFORD.**—A full-length portrait of the late Rev. Canon Stowell has been added to the collection of pictures in the museum at Peel Park. It is the work of Captain Mercer, who presented it to the corporation through a committee of gentlemen connected with the Stowell memorial. The presentation took place in the presence of a large number of the friends of the canon, including the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Cheetham, M.P., and others. It is intended to have the picture engraved, and to apply the profits arising out of the sale of the prints in furtherance of the Stowell Memorial Fund.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—The "winding up" of the affairs of the late Loan Exhibition at Southampton has been made. It appears there is a deficiency of £390; but as there are some few assets still to be realised, it is estimated that the actual deficit would be about £350, to cover which amount it was resolved to make a call of 12½ per cent. on the guarantors, or just one-eighth of the amount guaranteed. The result is not very encouraging or satisfactory. The question now to be settled is what shall be done with the wooden building, which the Hartley Council and the Corporation must determine.

**STOURBRIDGE.**—The prizes and certificates gained by the students of the Stourbridge School of Art were distributed, by Mr. H. W. Foley, M.P., in December. The committee reported the satisfactory state of the school, both as regards the progress of the pupils and its finances. The income had exceeded the expenditure, notwithstanding a considerable outlay for repairs of the building.

**TIVERTON.**—A marble bust of Viscount Palmerston, by Mr. M. Edwards, has recently been placed in the corporation-hall of this town.

### COMPETITIVE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.

A NEW National Gallery is an edifice of an exceptional character. For, not only is it a public building of the highest rank, but it also is pre-eminently a Palace of Art. In the erection of such an edifice, the great art of architecture is required to accomplish more than to produce a worthy expression of its own powers. A National Gallery ought to be the typical example of the national architecture in its most perfect development; and, even more than this, besides representing its own Art—architecture, a National Gallery ought also to be a becoming home for the sister Arts—a building which may significantly proclaim itself to be the fountain-head of all Art in the metropolis of so great a country as England.

To take part in a competition of designs for such a building as this, is necessarily a most serious, as it is a most honourable, undertaking for an architect; and, on the other hand, all the lovers of Art in the realm, with the whole community, have a right to expect from an assemblage of competitive designs the concentrated architectural power of the country. For ourselves, we have but little confidence in architectural competitions, whether open to all architects, or restricted to a few selected competitors. Still, when ten architects of eminence accept an invitation from the Government to compete with designs for a new National Gallery, we certainly look for results equal to the importance of the occasion. The designs of the ten chosen architects have been grouped together during the last month, to form a public exhibition in the Royal Gallery of the Palace of Westminster; and it is with no slight disappointment we are constrained to record our earnest desire that no one of them will be carried into execution. We have a high ideal of what our National Gallery should be; and, therefore, we deprecate the adoption of any of these competitive designs, as they have been submitted by their authors to the judges, and to the public.

In one favoured locality of the "far west" of London, with what aim and purpose it is not for us to conjecture, buildings most intimately connected with the arts have systematically been designed and executed with a *minimum* of the Art-element; and there, the head-quarters of the teaching and the study of Art, under the auspices of a Government Department, are established in the most un-architectural range of buildings in the realm. But the influence that reigns at South Kensington is powerless in the matter of the new National Gallery. It is expected and required to be a triumph of architecture; and the competition was appointed to be the honourable strife, the issue of which should be this triumph.

In one particular we cordially sympathise with the prevailing sentiment of the competitors, that a patchwork edifice, to be produced by altering and adding to the existing gallery, is altogether to be repudiated. The architects unite in their protest in favour of a new gallery, and a new gallery, we hold with the architects, to be peremptorily required. We consider, also, it is no less necessary that this new gallery should be the new National Gallery of England; not an Italian palace of the fourteenth century, not a realised dream of what a part of the Roman Forum may have been in the first century, not palpably near of kin to a grand hotel or a colossal railway terminus, not any of these

buildings erected on the northern side of Trafalgar Square.

Two of the competitive designs only are Gothic, by Mr. G. E. Street, and Mr. J. Somers Clarke. They are both alike remarkable for the masterly skill with which their authors have designed a Gothic dome. One of Mr. Street's drawings of an angle of his main edifice is very admirable; but he has failed with his window-grouping, and his great exterior arcading; and there is too much of complication and effort about his central mass, whatever of it that is below his dome, except the actual entrance, which is very noble. Still, all this is the Gothic, not of England, but of some warmer climate, where the architect's chief aim must be to exclude excess of light, and to obtain depth of shade. Mr. Street, however, appears to have elaborated his plans with consummate skill, and to have adapted them most thoroughly to the requirements of the gallery. Mr. Somers Clarke, besides a noble dome, has a massive and lofty campanile tower, that would compel its brother of Westminster to hide its diminished head. Like Mr. Street's, Mr. Clarke's drawings exhibit much skill, and extreme care and thoughtfulness. His Gothic sculpture-hall is very fine; but in another of his drawings, his slight highly-stilted columns are altogether unsatisfactory.

Messrs. Banks and Barry have contributed a carefully-studied group of drawings in the Italian manner. If they had been required to produce an edifice to match the Government buildings now in existence in Whitehall, their designs would have been most successful. They have no central dome or tower, or other culminating member; but they have introduced numerous turrets, which have but little that is effective in them. Mr. E. Barry's chief design is purely classical, as a Roman architect of the best days of the Empire would have drawn it. He has five domes, crowning a well-compacted and effectively-diversified mass of building with gorgeous colonnades. The interiors appear to be of unequal merit.

Mr. C. Brodrick revels in Corinthian columns. Never were so many seen before in any one drawing, and never, it is to be hoped, will so many be seen in any one actually existing edifice. Mr. F. P. Cockerell, Mr. F. C. Penrose, and Mr. James Murray, have other classic designs, all of them commendable as studies, but none of them what we could accept as a National Gallery.

The two remaining competitors are Mr. Digby Wyatt, who has failed to shake off the (in some degree in him natural) delusion that Trafalgar Square is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Calcutta; and Mr. Owen Jones, whose fidelity to Alhambresque associations is not the less commendable, because it has induced him to propose to treat the National Gallery of England as if it were a Moorish Museum.

It is very singular that in these designs there should exist such a prevalence of the massive, and so much of decorative construction that excludes light and deepens shadows. The architects had to design the exterior of a building, of which the principal department would be lighted from the roof; and, while they have lavished great ingenuity on their treatment of this peculiarity, they have proved their inability to deal with it successfully. We must, also, especially notice the generally unsatisfactory treatment of the principal flights of steps in the interiors.

Infinitely better would it have been to commission an architect of acknowledged ability to have produced for this most important public edifice a design which, by judicious criticism and careful correction, might be raised to high perfection. As it is, the competitors have generally striven for originality as a condition of success in the competition; and they have thought less of the peculiar character and special requirements of the building to be designed by them, than of their own success as competitors. If they should give the *coup de grace* to architectural competitions of a high order, these designs will deserve well of all who desire the architecture of England to be truly noble; but this competition must be added to the long and painful list of failures, should it include the accepted design for the new National Gallery.

## SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION  
OF GEORGE SIMPSON, ESQ., WRAY PARK,  
REIGATE.

## THE EFT.

H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., Painter. J. Stancliffe and  
L. Stocks, A.R.A., Engravers.

WRITING, in the year 1858, of the works of Mr. Le Jeune, we observed that "what-ever merits his other pictures possess," alluding to some Scriptural and Shaksperian subjects, "his real strength lies in his representations of children: here he stands without an equal among our living school of artists for truth, beauty, and natural expression; there is in them,—that is, the 'small folk,—nothing commonplace and rude; nor, on the other hand, do they convey the idea of being 'dressed up for their portraits;' they are of the aristocracy of nature, ere, as it would seem, intercourse with the world has robbed them of their innocence and vulgarised their manners." The wood-engravings, 'The Plough,' 'Rustic Music,' 'Children gathering Water-lilies,' which illustrated the notice of this artist's life in the article alluded to, with many others we could point out, are examples of significance as regards his peculiar excellence. Among these others is 'The Eft,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1862, and now in the possession of Mr. Simpson, of Reigate, who has kindly allowed us to engrave it.

How the little reptile in the bottle has been captured we cannot undertake to say; though having some pretensions to claim a place among the brotherhood of the "gentle craft," we have never yet known an eft rise to the fly, or take a morsel of ground-bait; but the rod and line held by the exhibitor of the amphibious creature indicate that the lad has been fishing, and that somehow or other he has succeeded in obtaining "sport" of a kind that attracts the wonderment, as well as exciting some amount of timidity, in the group before him. The expression of delight and curiosity of the youngest child's face is especially inimitable. The manner in which the whole of the figures are arranged on the canvas shows a hand skilled in the art of producing picturesque effect.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his valuable work, "The Illustrated Natural History," helps us to understand somewhat of the feelings which animate Mr. Le Jeune's group of girls. Describing the newt, or eft, he says, "Two species, at least, inhabit England; the Crested Newt, found plentifully in ponds and ditches during the warm months of the year, and is captured without difficulty. It is tolerably hardy in confinement, being easily reared from a very tender age, so that its habits may be carefully noted. This species has its name from the membranous crest which appears on the back and upper edge of the tail during the breeding season. The Smooth Newt is more terrestrial in its habits than the crested newt, and is often seen at a considerable distance from water. By the rustics this most harmless creature is dreaded as much as the salamander is in France, and the tales related of its venom and spite are almost equal to those already mentioned. During a residence of some years in a small village in Wiltshire, I was told some very odd stories about this newt, and my own power of handling these terrible creatures without injury was evidently thought rather supernatural."

THE  
FIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Now that an equally unexpected and lamentable conflagration has destroyed the most beautiful part of the Crystal Palace, the true value of the lost courts and collections at length appears to be universally recognised. The devastation produced by the fire of December the 30th, is indeed, as more than one of our contemporaries has proclaimed it to be, "a national calamity;" and we yield to none in our deep feeling of regret for this deplorable accident, coupled with warm sympathy for the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and also for their able and indefatigable chief officers. Whether the actual cause of the fire be, or be not, positively determined, is a matter of but little moment, except so far as future precautions might be affected by such a discovery. But the fire which has broken out from some cause or other, has demonstrated not only that an edifice, apparently constructed of iron and glass, can be burnt, but also that it burns with a swiftly devouring fierceness, that for awhile defies every effort to subdue or to check it. We have some experience in fires, but never have we witnessed any fire that surpassed in power and tenacity that which has destroyed the tropical end of the Crystal Palace. Nor can a more complete scene of ruin be well imagined, than we explored a few days after the fire had at last been extinguished. It is impossible to have known what those splendid courts once were, and to have been familiar with the luxuriant magnificence of the oriental garden that flourished in the midst of them, without expressing, as well as feeling, the most sincere sorrow for the destruction that so suddenly has fallen upon them. This sorrow, however, must be associated with a determined resolution to restore the Crystal Palace to the full standard of its original grandeur. The national calamity inflicted by the fire demands a national effort to accomplish a becoming restoration. The Crystal Palace knows no compeer in the world. It is the one object in our country that all foreign visitors, without hesitation, proclaim to be unique and unrivalled. Fire has been able to consume about one-fifth of this remarkable edifice—that fifth which was the most beautiful and the most precious, and which it would be most difficult as well as most costly to reproduce. Still, four-fifths are standing unhurt and admirable as ever, and they constitute a Crystal Palace in themselves. Had no tropical wing ever existed, and no Byzantine and Alhambra and Assyrian Courts, we might have been content with these four-fifths of the Crystal Palace, and justly proud of them; but we know them to be four-fifths only of the Crystal Palace, and so we require the missing fifth to be re-united with them.

Still, there is no necessity whatever for requiring that the new fifth of the Crystal Palace should be identical with that which, as we write, is lying a confused mass of charred ruins. The most complete restoration of the Crystal Palace does not by any means imply an exact, or even a proximate, reconstruction of the consumed portions of the building, after their original model. If it were a mere question of size and space, the edifice might be pronounced amply large enough as it now stands; and the directors, having closed in their Palace where the fire left it open, might be content to instruct Mr. Milner to exert his utmost skill in converting the site of the tropical section of the original structure into a beautiful addition to the Palace Gardens. But no such suggestion as this could be tolerated. There is, and there can be, but one opinion as to the necessity for some such restoration as may be fully equivalent to the loss. And, instead of a reminiscence of the past, the restoration that we desire to see will embody all that experience has shown to be best calculated to promote the true interests of the Palace as a national institution. This would be the construction of a tropical conservatory, in height and proportions a continuation of the main structure of the Palace, and so far a literal restoration. But we would have no lateral isolated courts. In their stead, the sides of the grand

conservatory might be enclosed with arcades and porticoes of Byzantine and Moorish architecture. The central avenue should terminate, not in a flat end, but in a half circle enclosing a magnificent fountain; and here the whole of the glazing should be of stained glass. A concert-room, worthy of its purpose and its associations, should be approached from the farthest extremity of the great conservatory; and a reading-room, a library, and a lecture-hall, each one designed on the best principles for its own purpose, should be grouped with the concert-room; and the whole should be enclosed with a wide-spreading series of conservatories of much less lofty altitude, adapted for plants and trees of less aspiring growth, and so arranged as to provide every variety of temperature; here rare birds, and animals also, might flourish, and complete the attractiveness of the scene. The Alhambra and the Byzantine Courts, without being reproduced, would be happily represented by such a course of action as we are suggesting. The Assyrian Court, having so far shared the fate of the palaces of Nineveh, that it has fallen a victim to the same devouring element, might carry the parallel a little further, and be left, as Layard left the mounds beside the Tigris, without any thought of commissioning a Fergusson to build it up again. And, in like manner, we believe that Belzoni himself would have been content that, for the time to come, his colossi should sit in tranquil loneliness at Abu Simbel, without having their counterfeit images placed, like exotics, beneath a glass roof, even though it be the loftiest in the world.

It is to be hoped that a literal reconstruction of the burnt portion of the Crystal Palace will not be considered necessary, with a view to the external uniformity of the two extremities of the edifice. A most decided difference, resulting from and connected with absolutely distinct aims and uses, would be infinitely preferable, and also infinitely more effective. The grandest of all existing buildings are not alike towards both the east and the west; and who would regard York Minster with more complacency, if its two extremities could be made uniform, and to match each other?

Our suggestions might be carried out at a much less cost than a rebuilding of the lost transept. But upon the question of finance, as connected with the restoration of the Crystal Palace, it is out of our province to enter into any details. We trust that the directors will adopt no course, however tempting, by which their certain annual income must incur a serious diminution; and, on the other hand, we feel that the directors may fairly look for support and aid from the public—why should not a second guinea be paid, voluntarily paid, for example, for a season ticket? it still would be the cheapest (we use the term advisedly) purchase to be made in England.

One cannot but regard as a national calamity the occurrence of this terrible conflagration, which has swept away monuments of genius or of industry that it is impossible to replace, besides those productions of nature, the growth of which to a state of perfection, such as we saw them previously to the fire, is the work of years. We believe many of the choicest plants had reached an advanced stage of growth before they were located at Sydenham.

Among the many works of Art consumed were the extensive and valuable collections of Naval and Engineering models, placed in the Galleries of the Tropical Department. Conspicuous among these was the model of the great suspension bridge, half a mile in length, over the River Dniéper, at Kieff, in Russia, erected about fifteen years ago by Mr. Vignoles, F.R.S., for the then Emperor, at a cost of nearly half a million sterling. This model was first shown in London at the Exhibition of 1861, and was subsequently placed, on loan, in the Crystal Palace, where it had remained many years. It was considered a remarkable work of mechanical skill, and was constructed at an expense of several thousand pounds. The loss to the engineer is great, though a duplicate model remains in the engineering gallery at St. Petersburg, placed there by the Emperor Nicholas I., to whom it had been presented, with the imperial permission.



This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. There is no text or other markings on the page.



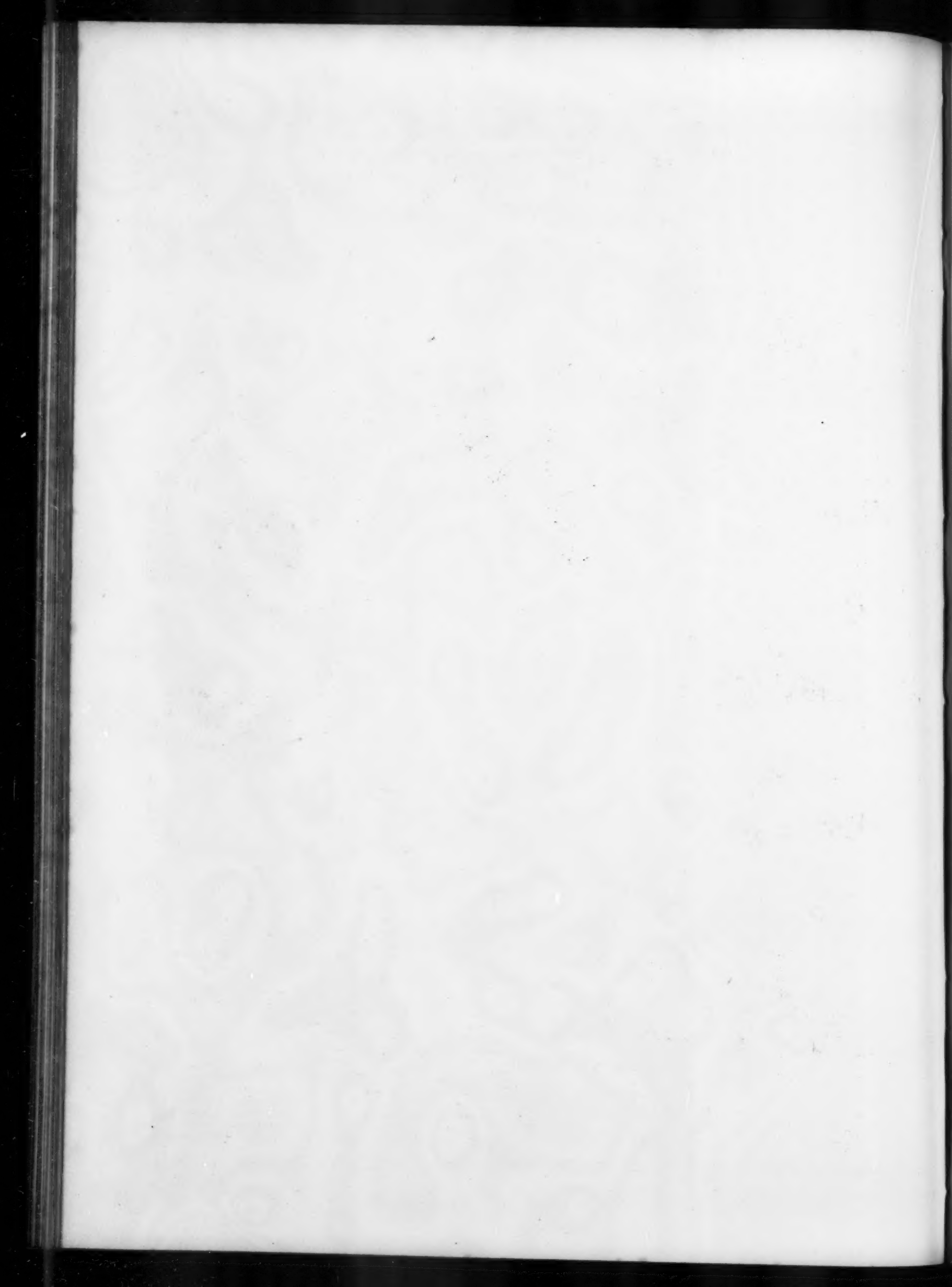
H. LE JEUNE. A.R.A. PINXT

J. STANCLIFFE AND L. STOCKS. A.R.A. SCULPT

# THE EFT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE SIMPSON, ESQ. WRAY PARK, REIGATE.

LONDON. VIRTUE & CO



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—On January the 31st the Academy would proceed to elect Associates by the new regulations; one of the recent changes in the constitution of that body being, that the class of Associates shall be *unlimited in number*, at a minimum of twenty. Between sixty and seventy artists are candidates, duly proposed and seconded as the new form requires; hence it might have been anticipated that several would be elected on the above date. But no; there are two vacancies for the minimum number, and beyond filling those two vacancies, it is rumoured, no further elections will, for the present, be made. Is this Academy reform? and what is to be understood by an "unlimited number" of Associates?—We did not receive in time for insertion last month the names of the students to whom medals were awarded at the annual meeting on the 10th of December. We now supply the omission as follows:—To V. Crome, for a painting from the living model; to S. Spanton, for a copy of a picture from the Dulwich Gallery, 'A Cardinal blessing a Priest'; to F. T. Goodall, for a drawing from the living model; to J. Griffiths, for a model from the same; to H. Montford, for a restoration in the round of the "Theseus"; to M. Glover and R. Groome, for measured architectural drawings; to — Symonds and W. W. Onless, for drawings from the antique; to C. W. Maybey, for a model from the antique; and to F. Hammond, for drawings in perspective.—Mr. Doo has sent in his resignation as an Academician Engraver, and has thus joined the small band of retired R.A.'s. We may probably consider this as an announcement that Mr. Doo retires from practice as an engraver. He will not do so, however, without carrying with him the best wishes, not only of artists of every class, but of every one who feels interest in that special branch of Art to which his time and talents have been so long directed,—talents that have placed his name among the foremost European engravers. Both as an artist and a gentleman, Mr. Doo has gained a host of appreciative friends.

**THE PARIS EXHIBITION.**—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has, during the month, presided at a meeting at South Kensington at which various resolutions were passed, none of them of much importance. One of them laments the paucity of cutlery from Sheffield. The assembled noblemen and gentlemen might have noted absentees more weighty if they had been aware of all the facts which may have been communicated to them.—A memorial has been addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—signed by more than one hundred leading men of the age—recommending an abolition of the practice of examining "passengers' luggage" during the year of the Exhibition. We earnestly hope it may be successful: the gain to the revenue must be very small, while the inconvenience to travellers is very great. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has, however, declined, for the present, to interfere. These are but two of the trumpet-notes that herald the triumph of peace. The hour is drawing very near when the Exhibition is to be opened; we presume there is no need to hint that exhibitors will do well to look after their interests in time. All communications must be made, not now to South Kensington, but to "the office of the Executive Department, 71, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris."

**THE ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS** that are to represent in the Paris Exposition the existing *status* of the Art of architecture in England, have been selected for their honourable and signally responsible mission by those in authority, and they have been exhibited at South Kensington. However fresh they may prove at Paris, the majority of these delegates are well known at home. We cannot add that their estimation here—at home—is particularly distinguished, or that they are qualified to convey to our quick-sighted friends on the other side of the Channel very exalted ideas of English Architecture in the middle of the nineteenth century. Had these drawings fairly and faithfully conveyed a report of what our English Architecture is in its highest expressions, notwithstanding our regret at their not realising our own wishes and expectations, we should have been content to know that they told a true (though it might be a humiliating) tale. But we object very strongly to a misrepresentation of any English Art at Paris. We ourselves feel that we may be justly proud of our Architecture; by what right, then, do any persons whatever thus determine on certain drawings, whether they are really and truly representative or not? And, more particularly, how does it happen that our architects endure this? Why do not the ablest of the profession vindicate the dignity at once of their profession and their art? Our neighbours have not yet forgotten our 1862 Great Exhibition building, nor have we forgotten how certain personages advocated its pretensions to architectural excellence. The admirers of that unhappy display are the very last persons who are worthy to be entrusted with the reputation of English Architecture in France. Perhaps it may be only right, after all, that our Architecture should be but feebly and imperfectly represented in the grandest of the Great Exhibitions, when we ought to be conscious that at this very time it has been possible for such works to be carried on in our country as the Lincoln Cathedral restorations. That is not a pleasant consciousness, in very deed, neither is it particularly pleasant to anticipate seeing this collection of English architectural drawings transferred, in solemn state and official circumstance, from South Kensington to the Champ de Mars.

**THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.**—This work is progressing: the first part, consisting of 28 pages, and containing about 100 engravings, will be issued in the April Number—published on the day before the UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION opens in Paris. The number will be considerably augmented in size, but as we have informed our subscribers, they will be subjected to no extra cost, neither is any charge made to any manufacturer whose works are engraved. It is scarcely requisite to say that the publication will exhibit the productions of the leading manufacturers of Europe, due prominence being given to those of France. The first part will contain a dedication page to the Emperor, by whom the compliment has been graciously accorded. We anticipate a very large circulation for the *Art-Journal* thus illustrated, and our efforts are unceasing to deserve it.

**SITE OF THE HERBERT STATUE.**—The projected change of site for this work is becoming a matter of public interest, and though in Art-circles the space in front of the War Office, Pall Mall, has long been condemned, it was not until the letter of "An Admiral" in the *Times* of December the 31st, that the subject was opened up to

general ventilation. The site determined upon by the committee—in front of the War Office—is most unsuitable for the erection of a bronze statue, because as out-door works in that material rapidly blacken in our climate, they require for their due effect the nicest adjustment of background in relation to light and surrounding parts; and when it is stated the figure is intended to face the north, it will be readily understood that its whole front aspect will be constantly in shadow, except the partial lighting of its sides at early morning and evening; while the spectator, facing the south, will be blinded by the sun's light falling in his face, as he looks up at what (under such circumstances) appears but a figure of solid black, barely relieved by its background of a dingy building in the shade. Such conditions cannot but be fatal to any bronze work, and to fix the statue under a combination of such injurious influences would be but a sorry tribute to the man whose self-sacrifice to duty called forth this enduring record of his public services and private worth. But if unjust to the subject, it is doubly so to the artist. The writer in the *Times* suggests that in place of the front of the War Office it should be erected in Waterloo Place, South, opposite to the statue of Sir John Franklin, a suggestion deserving the best consideration. Here is a fine open space, with a sky background—the first necessity for the effect of a bronze figure—imposing surrounding architectural features, in close proximity to the Guards' Memorial, and in the centre of clubs and public offices; in short, it would be difficult to point to a spot better adapted for its reception either from associations with the individual represented, or as a place for the due exhibition of a similar work of Art. It may, however, be urged that by erecting it in front of the War Office the subject would be more intimately identified with the place. True, but that can be no reason for placing it on a site where it cannot be seen, and which will be universally condemned as a mistake. Waterloo Place being so contiguous to the War Office, would appear sufficiently near to preserve the associations of Lord Herbert's name with that department of the Administration wherein he so zealously laboured. At whose door is the censure for such a violation of artistic requirement to be laid? Of good statues in the metropolis we have but too few; of eligible sites, an abundance.

**M. JEAN INGRES.**—Intelligence of the death of this eminent French painter reached England just as we were preparing to close up our last sheet. He died on the 14th of January, in the eightieth year of his age. We must defer till next month any notice of his long and triumphant career as one of the great artists of our time.

**THE WORKING CLASSES' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION**, the first that has been both "Metropolitan and Provincial," which achieved such gratifying success during the time it was open in the past autumn in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was brought to its final close in Exeter Hall, on Saturday, the 12th of last month, when the prizes were distributed by Mr. Goschen, M.P. The great hall was completely filled on this peculiarly interesting occasion, and, with very few exceptions, the whole of the assemblage were exhibitors, or in some other way connected with the exhibition. The chairman opened the proceedings with an address not only appropriate, but eminently calculated to produce a beneficial impression on his hearers.

Then followed the real business of the meeting. The 17 special prizes were first given; then the silver medals, in number 85; the bronze medals, 187 in number, followed; and after them the certificates of "honourable mention," numbering 189; and, finally, to every exhibitor the chairman handed a large photograph of the opening ceremonial of the exhibition, surrounded by an elaborately illuminated design, and handsomely framed. The total number of exhibitors was 1,492, and of them a large proportion was present. A characteristic address from Mr. J. A. B. Beresford Hope, M.P.—in which the practical value of true Art to workers of all classes was advocated with his customary ability and earnestness—succeeded, and then a few brief complimentary speeches proved to be the veritable conclusion of an animated and gratifying spectacle.

**FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.**—We are desirous of directing the attention of our readers—many of whom would, doubtless, be glad to support the object—to a Concert which will be held at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 6th of the month, in aid of the Building Fund of this Institution, which still needs a sum of £800 to liquidate all claims.

**ORNAMENTAL GARDEN SCULPTURE.**—Two colossal compositions have been executed in Portland stone for the Marquis of Westminster, by Mr. Smith, of 246, Marylebone Road. They are pendants, and intended to ornament the gardens at Fonthill Abbey. The subjects are the Seasons and the Elements, of which the embodiments are disposed on large masses of stone, so carved and hewn as to favour the arrangement and sustain the narrative. Spring and Summer are the most prominent of the Seasons; they are placed on the crest of the rock. The former remonstrates with Summer on her premature advance, and calls her attention to a scarcely blown crocus. Below them reclines Autumn, in solitary enjoyment of his abundance; and on the other side of the rocky mass, and also below Spring and Summer, is seen Winter, a draped figure, warming himself at a fire. Of the Elements, Earth and Air are the principals. The latter is a winged figure, having his left arm over the back of an eagle, and looking down on Earth, who is seated on a globe, which he seems to be in the act of measuring with a pair of compasses. Water is represented by an aged man reclining, with his right arm resting on an urn, from which a stream is flowing; and fire by Vulcan, in the act of forging chains to bind Prometheus, a suggestion from *Æschylus*—

"Stern powers! your harsh commands have here an end,  
Nor find resistance! My less hardy mind,  
Averse from violence, shrinks back and dreads  
To bin! a kindred god to this wild cliff."

Allegorical sculpture is always extremely difficult, but Mr. Smith has disposed successfully of certain of the great embarrassments of this kind of composition. The figures are generally graceful, and all are perspicuous exponents of the several parts committed to them.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART,** the great sufferer from the recent fire, has found a very commodious temporary home in the splendid dining-rooms that are situated about midway between the original railway-entrance and the anti-tropical end of the main structure of the Palace. These rooms, which are not used in the winter, except on a few particular occasions, have been promptly placed at the disposal of the directors by Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, the contractors for the Refreshment Department. In the same rooms the free lectures

are given every Thursday. A temporary reading-room has been fitted up by the indefatigable librarian, Mr. Lee, adjoining the Central Transept entrance to the Palace. It was of great importance that the ordinary arrangements in these matters should continue without interruption, as far as possible.

Mr. E. M. WARD has nearly finished another of the, so called, "cartoons," for the Corridor of the House of Commons. It represents the seven bishops, after their acquittal, leaving the Tower, and passing through a crowd of sympathising and rejoicing people. It will fully sustain the reputation of the accomplished artist. Mr. Ward has also completed a picture for exhibition at the Royal Academy—"Juliet with Friar Laurence in the Friar's Cell." It is a production of great power, and in finish, perhaps, surpasses any of Mr. Ward's former works.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.—Although Sir Edwin was actually elected President of the Royal Academy, his name cannot be properly included in the list of presidents, inasmuch as he declined the honour when the result of the election was communicated to him.

MESSRS. ELKINGTON & Co. have recently had the honour of submitting for her Majesty's inspection at Osborne the magnificent "Milton" shield, manufactured by them for the Paris Universal Exhibition. The design and execution are by M. Morel Ladeuil, the celebrated artist in their establishment. Our readers will have an opportunity of judging of the merits of this fine work, an engraving of which is being prepared for the Catalogue we are about to publish.

"THE NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK" is the title of a monthly publication, the first number of which has reached us. It contains a large amount of information on all branches of natural science, selected from a variety of sources, and promises to be a useful serial.

MR. CAVE THOMAS'S PICTURE, 'The Diffusion of Good Gifts,' for Christ Church, Marylebone, is now completed; but 'The Crucified Saviour,' the subject by which it is to be accompanied, is not yet commenced in colour. The text is, "And when he had ascended on high, he sent them good gifts," a passage presenting to the artist a field so vast as to leave him unfettered by any embarrassing conditions. It was indeed well that it should be so, for Mr. Thomas could not independently determine the form of his composition, as the space to be filled was a large lunette over the communion table. Hence the suggestion offered by the segment of a circle was pyramidal or triangular, like that crowning the façade of a Greek temple. But from the natural simplicity with which Mr. Thomas disposes of his material, we feel that the form in which it is presented is the only one fitted for it. The principal figure is the Saviour, who is robed in white drapery, and extending his arms as sending forth the good gifts—two companies of angels on his right and left. Around the head of Christ is yet the crown of thorns, as a type of honour, and in his features may be read an expression of majesty and dominion. The distribution is supposed to be effected by eight angels, who are simultaneously sent forth on the right and left by the Saviour. Those on one side represent Truth, Wisdom, Justice, and Honour, and on the other are Power, Wealth, Beauty, and Plenty. Thus each of the intellectual gifts is compensated by a corresponding physical one; as Truth by Power, Wisdom by Wealth, Justice by

Beauty, and Honour by Plenty. Mr. Thomas has been occupied on this large and important work for some time, and the result fully justifies the term it has occupied; for such is the care with which it has been worked out, that certain passages of the picture have been four or five times scraped out, and the most elaborate studies have been made for every part of the composition, to which, as a whole, the highest praise is due. When in its place, a cornice will project below the lunette, on which will be borne the crucified Saviour, extended on the cross, with cherubs examining his wounds. If this picture be carried out in the spirit of the sketch, it will be most solemn and imposing. We hope shortly to be enabled to describe the effect of the work, as seen in its future place.

THE FOREIGN ARTISTS of various nations who will contribute to the Universal Exhibition, are much dissatisfied with the extent of space allotted them. In the case of Belgium it has gone so far as to induce the government to erect a special gallery at its own expense. Complaints are on the same ground made by the British artists, who have, however, taken no action in the matter.

MACLISE'S 'MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER AT WATERLOO.'—This grand picture is in process of engraving, by Mr. Lumb Stocks, for the Art-Union of London; the engraver is working, not from a copy, but from the original in the House of Lords. It was found impossible to obtain an accurate copy, except by a large expenditure of time. Mr. Stocks has the aid of photographs. 'The Death of Nelson' is engraving by Mr. Sharp, from MacLise's smaller painting of the great work.

CATALOGUE OF THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—The authorities at South Kensington have issued their prospectus of a catalogue: it is to be of the British Department only, and each person who desires a page of it will have to pay £8, and to purchase a copy if he requires one. It is, however, to be published in English, German, French, and Italian, and will contain engravings executed at the cost of the exhibitors. In short, it will resemble that which in 1862 gave such "unqualified satisfaction" to all who advertised in it. The woodcuts, however, will be in "an appendix," in which anybody who likes may have what the prospectus styles "the privilege" of inserting what he chooses. It is not improbable that a difficulty will arise, for M. DENTU may enter his protest against any edition of any work in French (the whole or part), inasmuch as having paid a prodigious sum for his "privilege," the Imperial Commission is bound to protect him, as they have certainly undertaken to do. If the South Kensington Catalogue does not pay, the expenses will, of course, be met by a "draw" on the Government grant, and the compilers may consequently be remunerated on a scale proportionate to the resources of the British empire. The circulars inviting advertisers to advertise therein are ostentatiously marked upon the cover—"ON HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SERVICE," combined with—"Paris Universal Exhibition, South Kensington, 1867."

M. DENTU'S CATALOGUE OF THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—The enterprising publisher of the Palais Royal, who has paid, or is to pay, to the Imperial Commission the enormous sum of £20,000 for the privilege to print and sell the Official Catalogue, has issued his proposals for advertising in that work. He who is willing to pay £1,000 for the back of the cover may have it, while he who requires the inside of the said back will be asked for

only £600. It is not likely to be taken for England, although with an amount of generous liberality, hitherto unprecedented, it was "reserved" for a speculative Englishman. The general advertisements are offered at more reasonable rates: for a whole page, no more than £157 10s. is demanded; and for an eighth of a page, a dozen lines, perhaps, merely a sum of £31 10s. Certainly, if advertisers at these rates are very numerous, M. Dentu will not have made so bad a bargain after all. We have serious doubts, however, whether any trader of any kind will see his way to a return; and imagine that the worthy bibliophile must "come down a peg," if he expects to fill any of his pages with advertisements.

**MR. TOOTH'S WINTER EXHIBITION.**—A new gallery, recently built in the Haymarket, has been opened by Mr. Arthur Tooth, with a fair selection of water-colour drawings. The catalogue relies on the names of artists both living and deceased. Copley Fielding, William Hunt, P. De Wint, S. Prout, J. M. W. Turner, and David Cox, are all represented, not always to best advantage, on these walls. In the general mass, which of course contains the usual amount of alloy, there are some gems, which deserve to be held in lasting esteem. For example may be noted a small water-colour replica of Gerome's oil picture, first exhibited in this country at the French Gallery, 'The Nile-boat,' bearing on board a captive pasha. Another chief ornament of the gallery is F. W. Topham's 'Spanish Interior,' which, though marked "unfinished," is not wanting in the artist's usual breadth and power. A simple composition by P. F. Poole, R.A., here called 'The Mountaineer,' has been engraved in the *Art-Journal*. 'The Door of a Café at Cairo' is the drawing for J. F. Lewis's "diploma" picture. Another elaborate and capital study, 'In the Garden,' gives proof of the trained hand of E. K. Johnson, one of the most recent and valued acquisitions to the Old Water Colour Society. The flowers in this garden have the finish usually termed "Pre-Raphaelite," and the figure shows careful study, especially in the cast of drapery. Simeon Solomon, after his mystic manner, has been inspired by the wonder-moving text, "and the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair."

**THE GRAPHIC.**—At the first meeting of the season, held on the evening of December the 12th, among the works exhibited were 'A Blind Girl Reading,' very original in conception, and an Eve—both sculptures by Halse; a grand moonlight by old Crome; a garden subject—Müller; a subject from the "Vicar of Wakefield," W. P. Frith, R.A.; 'The Interrupted Emigration of Hampden,' C. Lucy; two brilliant pictures by G. E. Hicks; others by F. Holl, H. Wallis, &c.; a portfolio of drawings, and others framed, of extraordinary merit, by T. H. Watson, and a variety of drawings and sketches by Dodgson De Wint, Jenkins, Carl Haag, Cattermole, &c.

**ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.**—Mr. Charles Lock Eastlake, nephew of the late President of the Royal Academy, has been appointed assistant-secretary of the Institute of Architects.

**MR. RUSKIN** is stated to be a candidate for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, which will be vacant next Easter Term. If he has never proved himself a poet in the common acceptance of a writer of hexameters or other measured lines, he has unquestionably sent forth to the world as much poetry of a high order, in the form

of prose, as any metrical writer of the day. The University of Oxford would do itself honour by electing one who certainly may lay claim to rank among the most distinguished living graduates of that renowned seat of learning.

**BYRON'S WORKS.**—Not the least among the marvels of cheap literature circulated in the present day is an edition of the poetical works of Byron, published by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, who alone possesses the copyright of the whole of the poet's writings. The book is printed in a remarkably clear though small type, and on really good paper, slightly tinted. The price is half-a-crown only.

**GOVERNMENT**, it is reported, is about to ask, when Parliament meets, for a grant of £20,000 for a Museum of Science and Art, to be erected somewhere in Bethnal Green, where land may be purchased for the purpose. The inhabitants of the East end of London can scarcely fail to appreciate the benefits of such an institution, for the museum at South Kensington is out of their reach, except at a considerable sacrifice of time.

**A PICTURE**, by J. Van Lerius may now be seen at the gallery of Messrs. Lloyd, Gracechurch Street. It is certainly one of the most interesting works that have come from the hands of this clever Belgian artist: the subject is 'Cinderella.' In the Flemish version of this universally popular tale, the young damsel is not permitted to accompany her sisters to the ball unless she accomplishes in due time the task of picking up a large quantity of lentils which have been scattered on the hearth and flooring. But Cinderella loves birds, and birds love the maiden; so she has opened the window and has called to her assistance the air-wanderers. Half the pigeons in the town fly to her help; some are already busy on the floor, others are hastening to the window from all quarters. Cinderella herself is stooping down hard at work among them—a well-formed, rather buxom figure, with enough of face visible to show some pretty features of a type we have before noticed from the pencil of this painter. The composition throughout is good; the figure, the birds, and all the accessories of a kitchen department are well drawn, and the colouring is vivid yet not extravagant. The picture would grace any collection of modern Art.

THE last number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* has been lying on our table for some time waiting for the notice which, till now, we have been unable to give. It contains, among other matters, a long review of Messrs. Redgrave's "Century of Painters of the English School," which the writer truthfully calls "an admirable handbook," if not—and it certainly is not—a "philosophical history" of the British School of Painting. Baron H. de Triqueti has an appreciative notice of Mr. Perkins's "Tuscan Sculptors," reviewed some months since in our own pages. The biographical sketch of the late Hippolyte Flandrin is brought to an end. Mr. Rossetti has a short but well-written paper on Palgrave's "Essays on Art;" Mr. Ruland continues his descriptive notice of the Fouquet Miniatures; and Mr. W. Watkins Lloyd his account of the Sistine Chapel and the Cartoons of Raffaele. Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson takes a retrospective view of last year's exhibitions; and Mr. J. C. Robinson sends a very interesting contribution on "The Early Portuguese School of Painting." Altogether, this number of the *Quarterly* is quite on a par with its predecessors.

## REVIEWS.

**TWENTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. LEIGHTON, A.R.A. TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALKER.** Designed for the "Cornhill Magazine." With Extracts descriptive of each Picture. Published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., London.

We class these three distinct volumes together, because they all emanate from the same source, the pages of that popular "monthly," *The Cornhill Magazine*, in which, from time to time, they have appeared, and been rendered familiar to thousands. But the Art-contributions of three such men as Messrs. Millais, Leighton, and Walker are far too good to be laid aside with the month's number, when it has done its work; and, consequently, there must be a host of those who are charmed with the *Art* of the magazine, as well as with its literature, to whom its illustrations, well printed on delicate paper, with margins ample enough to show the engravings to advantage, will prove most welcome.

It would be a difficult matter for the conductors of the *Cornhill* to find, in the whole list of living British artists, three whose qualifications better fitted them for the task of illustrating its pages than Mr. Millais and his coadjutors; whether we take into consideration the mind that originates the picture, or the skilful hand that executes it. To institute a comparison between these three artists would be an invidious task, which we do not care to perform; moreover, they all belong to the same school, as it were; hence there is no such distinctive character in the designs of each, as to afford the opportunity of setting the style of one against that of either of the others. Perhaps, of the three, Mr. Millais's compositions are the most simple, and show the greatest refinement; Mr. Leighton's compositions, generally, are richer in subject, and lean more towards mediævalism than either of the others.

As pictures of society of various grades, these illustrations are as truthful as artistic in treatment. Were we asked to make a selection of one out of the three volumes, we should be puzzled to make a choice, and should be disposed to urge in reply a decided preference for the whole.

**PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ALPS.** From water-colour drawings by ELIJAH WALTON. DAY and SON (Limited), London.

Rarely do we examine a book at once so beautiful and so interesting as this; the highest honour must be accorded to the artist: but Mr. J. H. Lowes, who has lithographed the drawings, and the Rev. T. G. Bonney, who has written the descriptive text, have also admirably discharged their duties; while the printers have their share of merit: altogether, it is by far the most excellent publication of the year. Nothing so entirely good has been of late issued; it recalls the time when Art depended for universal approval on other powers than those with which the sun supplies it, and those with which the wood-cutter inundates an easily satisfied public. It is difficult to describe the contents: we have twenty-one views of the Alps, in all their varieties; for although generally one bears a striking resemblance to another, the skill of the artist has been so exerted to vary them that certainly no two are alike. With few exceptions, they are exhibited in lonely grandeur; sometimes the atmosphere is cold and piercing, at others, a magical rose tint is poured by the clouds over the glaciers and snow-clad mountains; while occasionally green and fertile valleys are seen underneath; rivers flow through them in torrents, or in unbroken repose; and venerable pines throw their shadows over ice-covered paths.

Nothing that has been hitherto published conveys at once so accurate and so delightful an idea of the charms of the Alps—their infinite variety no less than their peculiar attractions, to be found nowhere else in Europe, perhaps in no part of the world. Our obligations are great to those who in combination have produced a work of entire excellence.

## THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

## THE THRONE OF DAVID.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. By the Rev. Professor J. H. INGRAHAM, LL.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Mobile. Published by VIRTUE & Co., London.

In reading the records of the Old Testament one is sometimes apt to imagine that the histories and the characters described therein have no certain authority, that the annals of the Hebrew nation are mere stories of fiction. And the reason is that, from the peculiar circumstances of this wonderful people, and from the far-distant period in which they were a great and flourishing community, it is not always easy to associate them with historic times, as we do the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans. We forget, if we do not actually discredit, the fact, that the Jews were men of like passions with ourselves; that they mingled in the ordinary business of life, struggled for freedom, fought for empire, were conquerors, statesmen, lawgivers, poets, historians, philosophers. And yet the story of Moses at the head of the wandering tribes of Israel is often considered far more apocryphal than that of Xenophon leading back his ten thousand Greeks from the plains of Persia; while Joshua and David, unless the Bible be a fiction, and Josephus a romance-writer, were military commanders no less skilful and brave than Alexander, or Caesar, or Marlborough, or Napoleon; nor is the poetry of Job, of David, and of Isaiah inferior in beauty and sublimity to that of any writer whose name is recorded in the biography of literature. It is because of the peculiar atmosphere, so to speak, surrounding the history of the Jews, and the peculiar language in which their history is related, that men are too often disinclined to accord to it that verity which they freely give to the narratives describing the actions of any other ancient people.

The three little volumes whose titles appear at the head of this notice are from the pen of an American clergyman—one, it is presumed, who is in communion with our own Church. The first of the three, "The Pillar of Fire" begins the history of the Jewish nation at the period when the brethren of Joseph sold him to be a slave in Egypt, and closes with the promulgation of the Divine law from Mount Sinai. The narrative appears in a series of letters supposed to be written by Sesostris, a prince of the royal family of Phoenicia, who is sent into Egypt for the purpose of studying the laws, arts, sciences, and government of the country, which, at that period, was the most powerful, as it was the most enlightened—in all worldly wisdom—kingdom of the earth. In carrying out his ideas, the author introduces into his narrative much information on the manners, customs, religion, social and political history of the ancient Egyptians, which will be novel and pleasant reading for those who have not made themselves acquainted with the subject. The central figure of the narrative is Moses, as he conducts the Israelites through their forty years' sojourn in the desert. "The Throne of David" is a history of the Hebrews from the election of their first king, Saul, to the succession of Solomon; it takes the form of a series of letters from a young prince, ambassador of Belus, King of Assyria, to the Jewish Court.—The third book, "The Prince of the House of David," is the narrative of the three last years of our Saviour's life—as related by the four Evangelists—in a series of letters from a young Hebrew maiden, daughter of a wealthy Jew of Alexandria, who sends her to Jerusalem to be educated as "besemeth a Jewish woman, and the inheritress of his name and wealth." The result, however, is, that she becomes a Christian. In these letters we find her, as the events to which they allude progress, arguing with her father as to the testimony they bear to the truths of the old Jewish prophecies; and in searching these out she realises their agreement, and enrols herself a disciple of the "despised Nazarene."

These histories are written in a style which cannot fail to attract the attention of the young especially; of those for whom the narratives, as they are recorded by the inspired writers,

would, in all probability, have comparatively little interest; but who, after reading Professor Ingraham's versions, may thereby be induced to examine for themselves the foundations whereon he has built up these most instructive and simply-told stories. For this reason, and because they may thus be rendered practically useful, we recommend them without hesitation.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

This is a new edition of a work that has found its way to public favour; it was originally published in the *Art-Journal*. The authors have traced the river, from its source—a well in Trewsbury Mead, near Chichester—to the sea at the Nore, describing the thousand and one things worthy of note, on either bank, from its beginning to its end. The commonest mind could not have failed to make the subject deeply interesting. The authors have called Art to their aid—nearly every page contains an engraving—while Mr. Bennett, by whom this edition is issued, has much enhanced the value of the work by introducing fifteen beautiful photographs, productions of the eminent artist, Mr. F. Frith. "The Book of the Thames," therefore, has appeared before the public with attractions second to none of the Christmas books. It is, indeed, far better, and of infinitely higher value, than most of them.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. Illustrated by W. and G. HUDSON, Architects. DAY AND SON (Limited), London.

Byron's poem has been printed in pages; a portion on each page surrounded by illuminated borders, with initial letters in colours. They are charmingly designed and drawn. They are by no means copies, nor borrowed even in parts, but original in the best sense of the word. There is no class of ornamentists that may not take hints from them. As a printed work it is a beautiful specimen of the art.

SNOW-BOUND. By J. G. WHITTIER. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

A most beautiful poem, by one of the great poets of America, who are now wearing the laurels that are gathered on Parnassus. Mr. Bennett has given to it some charming photographs, and very gracefully reprinted the book. We earnestly hope that volumes thus produced are commercially productive, as well as highly creditable to the enterprising publisher.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

OUR COUSINS IN OHIO. By MARY HOWITT. 2nd Edition. Published by A. W. BENNETT.

The name of this estimable lady on the title-page of any book will suffice to convey assurance that it may be read with pleasure and profit. This volume is full of happy teachings, the outpourings of a gentle, sympathising, and loving nature, eager to convey to young minds such knowledge as may make easy the way to goodness and virtue. It contains six charming engravings from drawings by the author's daughter—so pure and graceful in character as to be absolute refreshments at this present season, when piquant grotesques seem to have been the main thoughts of publishers.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS, AND OTHER COUNTRY THINGS. By MARY HOWITT. Published by A. W. BENNETT.

We have here a lovely collection of short poems, the nature of which is indicated by the title. They are full of grace and beauty, practically and pleasantly useful as easy lessons for the young.

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA. By W. HOWITT. Published by A. W. BENNETT.

This is a new edition of an established favourite. The descriptions of scenery and adventure were written in the wild country it pictures. The

book is by no means exclusively for the young; it is full of stories of strange and wild adventure—not the less exciting because they are true. The volume contains engravings from drawings by the late William Harvey. How much they gain in value when contrasted with so many modern cuts that are little else than scratchings on wood! Harvey, before leaving earth, must have been grieved to witness the decadence of the art he loved.

## THE JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS OF T. NELSON AND SONS.

THE NELSONS affix "Paternoster Row" to their publications, but we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that they belong of right to Edinburgh; be that, however, as it may, they give the "rising generation" some excellent books.

Many of them are reprints—as in the case of two little volumes by Mrs. S. C. Hall (*THE WAY OF THE WORLD* and *THE PLAYFELLOW*)—gatherings from that lady's mint of juvenile tales, that were chiefly written for the parents of our present youngsters; they deserve reproduction, and are charmingly illustrated; others are produced expressly for this season; others, again, are adapted to "all the year round;" many of them "evidencing" the sound judgment and good sense which belong to our northern neighbours.

THE TRIUMPH OVER MIDIAN is a well-written and earnest volume, that will be especially valued for "Sunday reading," by those who rightly desire to make a difference between books used during the week and those for the Sabbath day; but there is plenty of human and active interest in the book.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY is a collection of a dozen little tales, done up in one pretty pink case cover; and may either be given together or separately. The plan is excellent in the hands of a judicious teacher, as one of the pretty books would be a reward.

TRIUMPHS OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE, and TRIUMPHS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE, are two very useful little volumes, for which the young ought to feel greatly indebted to Messrs. Nelson. "The Triumphs of Ancient Architecture" exhibit briefly some of the celebrated edifices of Greece and Rome; while "The Triumphs of Modern Architecture" give a concise description of the most interesting buildings in modern Europe. The compiler has judiciously avoided technicalities that would perplex the youthful reader; and the descriptions, though necessarily brief, are comprehensive.

THE STORY OF A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL, is another of Messrs. Nelson's publications, which will be most welcome to the young. It is a cheerful, pleasant story; and we only regret that the illustrations are unworthy of the letter-press; indeed, in the matter of illustration these publishers do not keep pace with their competitors.

HOLIDAY CHAPLET OF STORIES, by A. L. O. E. This amusing little volume is a garland woven from the leaves of "The Children's Paper;" it is a very excellent selection, but the title should have set forth the fact that it is a compilation, not a volume of original tales.

SUNNY WAYS AND CHILDREN'S WAYS, is a coloured picture-book for the nursery. It is full of wise advice, not too much burdened with serious teaching, though all has a moral or religious bearing. The drawings are remarkably good,—so good, indeed, that we ought to have been told who made them,—and they are carefully and well printed in oil-colours. The pretty and pleasant book teaches much, and nothing that need be unlearned, in Art, after it has been learned.

OIL-COLOUR PICTURE-BOOK FOR THE NURSERY. Our previous remarks also apply to this volume. It is of a costlier character and loftier pretensions, and is comic rather than serious,—dealing principally with time-honoured favourites of the nursery, beginning with the "Three Little Kittens," and ending with the "Children in the Wood." It is charmingly "got up," and cannot but delight while instructing the very young.